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INDIAN WOMEN IN DAYS OF YORE

What freedom and what happiness prevailed
In days of yore, when maidens of this land,
Chaste, heroic souls, a wondrous band
Of women, dwelt unshackled and unveiled,
At perfect liberty! No customs spoiled
Their actions; 'neath no evil laws they toiled.

Oh maid of innocence and purity,
Sakuntala, the hermit-child; and you,
Oh great-souled Sita, Rama's wife so true;
Draupadi, the Pandav queen, and Sree
Krishna's lovely Rukmini,—ah here
Are but a few of those whom we revere!

Were they not taught the art of war? for see
Subhadra extend the mighty bow.
Her heavenly brother deigned to stoop so low
As to teach a woman gallant archery!
The beauteous wife of Arjun, mild-eyed, meek,
In paths of freedom, happiness did seek.

Ah, let us then in quest of liberty advance.
Let us throw aside the unbecoming laws
That bind our women down, for we have but to glance
At days of long ago, when maidens had no cause
To dwell in dark seclusion, hampered on all sides
With customs that all common sense derides.
Oh, let us dwell in freedom as in days of yore,
That the wrongs of Indian womanhood may live no more.

(*See frontispiece*)

An Indian Woman.

ANDAL, THE TAMIL POETESS

By Padmini Satthianadhan

ACROSS a gulf of many thousands of years, let us hear the singing of Andal, the great Tamil poetess, "the jewel among the mystics":—

" O cuckoo, who singest merrily, playing with thy beak in the *Shenbaka* flowers, laden with honey,

" The God, who holds a white conch in his left hand, has not shown his form to me, but has entered into my heart and has made me suffer sorely.

"Wilt thou sing, but not too loudly, so that he may come to me ?"

Is it not remarkable that, as far back as the eighth century, we possessed such a talented woman writer and saint ? Need we then doubt the greatness of our Indian women or despair of possessing many famous leaders among them ? Surely, now that times have advanced, and women are voicing their thoughts and beliefs more freely, we are capable of presenting to the world many more great and famous daughters of India !

It was in an age when materialism was growing and encouraging the pleasures and vanities of this world, that schools of mystic poets and saints sprang up in quest of spiritual truth and ultimate reality. There were two such main schools ; one belonged to the *Saiva* mystics, the other to the *Vaishnava* mystics. The preachers of both of them made it a point to speak against the doctrines of other religious sects that were beginning to take a firm footing in the country.

Andal belonged to the Vaishnava saints, and was one of twelve great writers called *Alvars*. She was born about 716 A. D. in a village called Villiputtur that was well-known because of Periyalvar, a great devotee of the God Vishnu, who dwelt there. There is a legend about Andal, which I am sure will interest our readers. The story goes that one day, while Periyalvar was collecting flowers for his Puja, a baby girl was found underneath the *basil* plants. He was over-joyed to find her, and brought her up as his own daughter; and while she was still young she began to study highly philosophical works, through which she became very devoted to Vishnu. She was known as *Nacciyar* and *Sudik Koduttal*. There is an interesting myth about the last name. We are told that Andal, in her devotion to her God, used to consider herself his bride, and in secret would deck herself for a time with the flowers gathered by her foster-father, before they were used for worship. One day, however, a hair was found entangled in the garlands, and Periyalvar sent for his daughter and asked her how it had come there. She confessed the whole truth to him, and Periyalvar was forced to declare the flowers polluted, and do his Puja without them. While he was worshipping, however, the Lord Vishnu appeared to him and told him that "only those flowers once decked by

Andal would be acceptable to him." After that, Periyalvar realised the greatness of his daughter.

When it was time for Andal to be married, Periyalvar tried to find her a husband, but she refused to marry a mortal, and would consent to be the bride of Vishnu alone. She was therefore decked in wedding garments and taken to the Srirangam temple, where she was married to Vishnu, and great was the surprise of all who were there, when they beheld her disappearing into the God's arms.

Such were the tales told of Andal, one of the great poetesses of Southern India. She led a life of untiring devotion to God, and all her works speak of the mystic rapture of surrendering body and soul to the service of her Master.

"I garland thee with holy flowers and bow at thy feet and worship and praise thee thrice a day.

"If thou wilt not see that I live with, and serve without blemish, the God who slept on the sea of milk,

"I shall weep and mourn and thou wilt find it hard to comfort me.

"My suffering will be like that of the ox that is unyoked from its team and refuses to eat anything and pines away because of the separation."

Such were the words with which she invoked the Lord Krishna. Again she cried :

"Dost thou enter into the house and come to the inner courtyard where we have come to play? Dost thou show thyself and smile at us and break our hearts as well as our houses? Oh Govind, thou didst once measure the whole earth with one step and heaven with another. If the love thou hast for me should change, or if we were to quarrel, what would people say who have seen us together?"

Andal was the author of two books, The *Tirupavai* and the *Tiruvaimalai*. These were included among the works of the Vaishnava saints in *Nalayira Prabhandham*. Her writings were so pure and so full of religious fervour that it was no wonder she came to be considered a famous saint among the Vaishnava mystics, whose name is still cherished in the Tamil Nad. Such saints, who devote their whole lives in love and reverence to God are hard to find; and to Andal and the other Saiva and Vaishnava saints may be attributed the revival of art renaissance in Southern India. All honour therefore is due to this great Indian woman pioneer.

Love's yoke shall never grieve thee,
Love's burden is so light,
Love's word cannot deceive thee,
Love's hope will cheer thy sight."

Selected.

ART AS A CAREER FOR INDIAN WOMEN

By Rohini

A short time ago I came across an article in the "Illustrated Weekly of India" on "Making a living of art," and it made me wonder why our Indian women are so conservative in the choice of their careers, when they do happen to take up a profession. It seems to be a characteristic of the ladies of this country to be as unoriginal as possible in what they do. I can hear my readers say that I am unfair in this accusation. Indian women *are* progressing rapidly, and are no longer afraid of expressing their ideas and of living up to the courage of their convictions, they say. What about our women political leaders and social reformers? Have they not been most brave in the way they have left their old traditions and customs, and come forward to serve their country? True, our women are indeed advancing; but is not their advance only on certain lines that have become popular and fashionable? Because a few enterprising women have had the courage to open up a new way, others have followed on the already way-worn path. It still needs a great woman to do something quite new. The average Indian woman is still not capable of striking out an original line, and our ladies are still very much like goats in a herd that silently follow an enterprising leader blindly, just because that is the easiest way.

But, to come to my subject, cannot Indian women make a living of art? The three most popular professions for women of today are doctoring, teaching and nursing; and it needs very little effort for them to flock in thousands to take them up. All those women, who do not get married and can afford an education, force themselves to pass examinations and obtain degrees in these professions, whether they feel they are fit for them or not. I have known girls in colleges, with a marvellous talent for painting or drawing, or with a wonderful gift for writing, yet struggling to pass examinations that had no appeal for them, in order that they may become teachers, and keep in the old groove. No doubt, there is a great need for quick methods of earning a livelihood, and it truly needs courage and hard work at the beginning for anyone to make a career out of art; but, just because a living is assured more easily in a certain way, it does not seem to be quite right that girls should lightly give up the gifts that Providence has specially bestowed on them, and go on slogging away at unsympathetic work.

There are many ways of making a living out of art. By art, I mean painting, drawing and sculpturing, music, and writing. Many men, even in

India, earn a livelihood out of such subjects. In the article, which I mentioned at the beginning, the author says, "There is no limit to what the girl of tomorrow will accomplish if she has the judgment to apply her talent along constructive lines. Leaving aside the realms of portraiture and oil painting, which must be limited to those of exceptional ability, innumerable other outlets are open to the clever student. What of dress and millinery design? Of mural art: interior decorating, illustrating; advertisement drawing; creative work in textiles and ceramics?" "Photography must also be reckoned among the artistic careers of the future. There is a growing tendency, deplored by some, but welcomed by others, to use the camera in illustrative and advertising work. Established studios can be persuaded to accept apprentices for training. The premium is high, but the results justify them."

Then again, writing is usually shunned by women in India. Because it needs too much energy to make the initial start, talent is dropped, and women follow a humdrum routine, instead of paying court to whatever aesthetic gift they possess. Journalism is a career that ought to be studied more minutely by our ladies. Not only can one carry on this work from a comfortable home, but also newspaper offices are beginning to welcome women, and it will not be at all amiss if some women join the staff of large newspaper offices. Women not knowing English need not despair, because there are many vernacular papers, which welcome contributions from women and pay for them. Those, who can write verse, stories or novels, should try to devote more time to such occupations in order to produce good stuff. Our country is sadly in need of good novels depicting modern Indian life and manners. Only by talking about and thus familiarising our mode of living, can our land become well-known in other parts of the world. The Western world has fantastic ideas of Orientals, just because most of the books published about this country are by foreigners, or because they deal with heavy subjects such as politics, etc. What better service can a woman do her country than by writing light literature about it, and showing up the loveable qualities that prevail, in spite of evil customs and orthodox habits?

Lastly, there is music, which affords women a good career. Too many complaints connot be made about this, because some of our women *have* now taken up the tuition of music. Public singing is, however, still confined to the professional dancing-class, and the sooner girls of more refined families show their art in public, the better will it be for the art itself.

It is needless for me to go into the professions of acting and dancing for Indian women. The public are fully awake to the absolute necessity of encouraging women of all classes, and not only the nautch-dancer, to popularise these arts, and many controversies are being brought before the public eye on this subject.

Let me close by saying that India is paying too little court to artistic and aesthetic matters, and Indian women will surely help their land a great deal if they devote more time and energy to the creation of art, and thus foster natural artistic talent, instead of abandoning it for more lucrative and reliable profes-

sions. After all, when one comes to think of it, it is usually the beginning of her career that is precarious to a woman-artist; but, when once her value is known to the world, and her real merit is realised, she will be very greatly in demand, and her art will become a great boon to her and to others.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

Lean on my arm, Beloved,
 There is still far to go,
Ere we reach that Land of Promise,
 Freed of ache and woe.

The way may be cold and dreary,
 Devoid of lovely charms,
But why should you be soul-weary
 Held safe in your lover's arms ?

When the last of our journey is over,
 We shall be old and frail.
What of it—my partner and rover—,
 So long as our love shall prevail ?

Lean on my arm, Beloved,
 We must keep on our way,
Praying to God that each morrow
 Will dawn on a fairer day !

LELAND J. BERRY.

COMMUNITY SINGING IN INDIA

By H. S. Hensman, Mysore.

IN India, music is not a factor of everyday life; it is kept apart, either as an accomplishment or a means of livelihood. Hence, it enters neither the individual nor the corporate life of the nation.

Community singing is exhilarating and all-compelling in its power of drawing people together into a bond of fellowship. On armistice day, as I listened at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, London, to the strains of the old Hymn, "O God, our Help, in ages past," sung by thousands of voices, I seemed to feel the pulse of English life, with its joys and sorrows throbbing through the ages. A moment such as this is unknown in India. Again, at several of the fashionable restaurants in London, where gay life is at its highest, where laughter, love and music abound, and luxury prevails in every little detail that meets the eye, the happy crowd at a sign from the conductor, breaks into perhaps the latest popular catch or the stirring chorus of an exciting jazz. There are so many songs there that every one knows. Young people feel that it is good, not only to be alive, but also to be together. Merry fellowship finds expression in merry song. Should not such experience be ours too ?

Passing down Hammersmith, along the red walls of St. Paul's, I have often heard the voices of boys in childish treble harmonising with the deepening tones of growing manhood. Several of the songs, sung together in the dim halls of such an old-world institution, will be a life-long memory in the mind of each one of the students studying there. Surely, our boys in India should not be defrauded of such pleasing memories !

On Lord Mayor's day in London, crowds lined the street, manoevering with great skill to get to the front line. Soon the procession passed, pageant after pageant punctuated by music from the several bands,–martial strains, joyous strains, compelling and inspiring. I wondered what it would mean in a time of war, when the same strains should marshall young lives to the gates of death, not with doubt and despair, but with fearless, high courage that was ready to face everything, forgetful of self in the love of home and country. Such a source of inspiration has not been our heritage.

One summer afternoon, I was present at a rehearsal in a girls' school. The day was lovely, as only a perfect summer's day in England can be, with blue skies, golden sunshine, roses everywhere and green velvety lawns beneath, the greenness of which cannot be met with elsewhere. It was a perfect setting for the group of girls, who were

acting, strong, sturdy, well-grown girls, fresh and charming in face and figure. It was a pastoral play they were rehearsing, and as the young voices rose and blended, now gay, now sad, now in harmony, now in unison, pictures of sylvan maids and their swains of old Arcadia, tripping and dancing in their flowery groves, rose in my mind in rapid succession. Our girls at the threshold of young life would certainly welcome such lively measures with much joy.

One more picture and I shall have done. Thousands with bowed heads gathered round the flower-filled graves of the crew of the ill-fated R. 101. As the last words were said, through the atmosphere of intense feeling, there floated from the bands, the strains of the hymn for the departed, "Now the labourer's task is over." The vast crowds joined in, and, as I listened to the grand words, it seemed as if death was no more a spectre, but a simple passing into the great Beyond. A vast wave of feeling passed over India at the death of the grand old man, Pandit Nehru Lal. Will not a bard arise to make music for such intense moments?

These are only scenes from the life of a nation. The music in the home, the congregational singing in places of worship to the accompaniment of the grand organ, and the highly-finished performances in concert halls, reveal the development of music as a science and as an art. In India, the want of appropriate music for the several moods and occasions of life is very much felt. If we can only have community singing, I feel sure that differences of caste and creed will disappear. It should be taught in schools and colleges as a recognised part of the curriculum. Much hidden talent will then be cultivated.

We require masters to give us modern concerts. The music we now have was perfected in the ages of long ago. Though some attempts have been made in the present time to create new music, they are not far-reaching enough. A poet for words, a musician for their setting, and a common notation for each language centre, will meet a strongly-felt demand. It is time that some of the intelligence of our cultured minds is turned towards this cult. The poets of all ages and all countries have dwelt upon the charm of music. The human nature prevalent then prevails now, and hence a warm welcome will always be extended to music-makers. Should not community singing then be taken up, studied and popularised?

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Flowers for remembrance,
    Forget-me-nots of blue,
Memories for the future
    Dreams and thoughts of you !
Hopes, and dreams, and wishes
    Forget-me-nots express,
Wishes—O, such wishes !
    Lips could not confess.

God watched o'er these flowerets
    Wiped them clean of fret,
Gave them you to send me
    That I should not forget.
And so, this rose I'm sending
    All diamonded with dew,
A sweet red rose that's bearing
    My fondest love to you !

L. J. B.

15 APR 1933 MADRAS

THE FORSYTE SAGA

By I. D. Thangaswami

NO student of English literature would have failed to recall, when John Galsworthy's death was announced in January last, the six volumes which composed "The Forsyte Saga". As a distinguished literary work of an ideal tendency, the Saga won for him last year one of the five prizes awarded in the name of Alfred D. Nobel. 'The Man of Property', 'In Chancery', 'To Let', 'The White Monkey', 'The Silver Spoon' and 'Swan Song', not only draw a fascinating picture of a family in all its ramifications, but also give us an estimate, vivid, entertaining and almost accurate, of England during forty eventful years. The general title given to the six volumes was justified by the author himself in his introduction to the first of the series. "The word *Saga* might be objected to on the ground that it connotes the heroic and that there is little heroism in these pages. But it is used with a suitable irony; and, after all, this long tale, though it may deal with folk in frock coats, furbelows and a gilt-edged period, is not devoid of the essential heat of conflict".

The earliest man known of the Forsytes was a stout and sturdy agriculturist, who stood for England as it was before the Industrial era began, a static England which dug and wove and in which all the world lay in the parish. The second Forsyte, known as Superior Dosset, represented the England of William Pitt's days when Napoleon tried to make France supreme. He was a stone-mason by trade and rose to the position of a Master-builder. Towards the end of his life, he moved to London where he continued his profession till his death, though living an aristocrat's life. When he died, he left behind him ten children and thirty thousand pounds. Victorian England with its principles of trade and individualism had its representatives in the children of Superior Dosset, who between them turned the thirty thousands left them into a cool million.

The tale opens with a family festival, at which the Forsytes gathered as an upper middle-class family in full plumage to celebrate the engagement of a Forsyte girl to an architect who possessed nothing. Four persons at the gathering were more remarkable than the others—June Forsyte, the engaged girl, who was the grand-daughter of the eldest son of Superior Dosset; Bosinney, the penniless architect, to whom June was engaged; Soames Forsyte, the grandson of Superior Dosset by his second son, James; and Irene Heron, whom fate had married to Soames three years before. Soames was a man of property, while Bosinney was a man of no property; and Irene had the passive countenance of a heathen goddess, while June was sprightly and active. June took her lover to Irene and said: "Irene is my greatest chum; please be good friends, you two". Just then

Soames appeared from behind his wife. "He was seldom far from Irene's side at public functions and, even when separated by the exigencies of social intercourse, could be seen following her about with his eyes in which were strange expressions of watchfulness and longing". Indeed, the man of property could look upon many things around him as his own, but could not claim his wife's heart as his. She had refused him more than once, but cruel fate had aided him to win her. She had been an enigma to him on the day he had seen her for the first time and she had remained an enigma since. The fault lay not in her heart, but in Soames's Victorian faith that wives were the property of their husbands. "Where may you have been?" asked Soames once of his wife; "In heaven—out of this house", returned Irene. As soon us Bosinney saw Irene, he had no more eyes for June! She fled from her husband. Then, her love for Bosinney having come to naught by his life ending tragically, she returned to Soames like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn. However, a long stay with the man, who treated her as if he had paid for and purchased her, was impossible. By circumstances she was driven soon to find another lover in her husband's own cousin, Jolyon.

Jolyon Forsyte, the father of June, was a bit of a mongrel and not a true Forstyte, for he had not the love for property which characterised the other Forstytes. He had deserted his wife and run away with an Austrian governess; and, when after long suffering his wife had died, he had married the governess. His father had had to renounce him, much to his grief, as all his paternal affection could not shake off the burden imposed by convention. After fourteen years, Jolyon returned to the family-fold and in due time inherited his father's property. His father was also kind enough to leave Irene a life-interest in fifteen thousand pounds and to make Jolyon her trustee.

Soames began to abandon all hopes of retaining Irene. A young and fascinating French woman sitting at the receipt of custom in an unfashionable restaurant caught his attention one day and awakened a new interest in him. Annette might make a better item of property than Irene. But he himself could not give up Irene so easily. He again made attempts to hold her. But the more he did so the more he drove her towards his cousin, who was now a widower and whom she looked on as her protector from her husband's importunity. A resort to law was inevitable. Soames legally divorced Irene and married Annette. The marriage took place privately to avoid the frowns of his Forsyte relations, the same frowns which his cousin Jolyon had earned, when he married the Austrian governess.

Jolyon and Irene also married, but as man and wife they made a different couple altogether from Soames and Annette, and shone by contrast. The stiff English temperament of Soames could not harmonise with the vivacious French nature of Annette. The selfish motives, with which he had married Irene, now alienated Annette and brought about the same unhappiness. To pursue a woman for selfish ends is indeed to wrong her soul and is never productive of marital happiness.

The marriage of Soames to Annette

synchronised with a great event in the history of England. The chapter, called 'Passing of an Age', in which this event is commemorated, is one of the best in the Saga and "psychologically much more graphic and valuable than any passage of history". Queen Victoria died after a rich period of sixty-four years, which in itself constituted an epoch. It was an age during which "morals had changed", an age during which "God had become Mammon and Mammon so respectable as to deceive himself".

As a result of Jolyon's marriage with Irene and Soames's marriage with Annette, two new characters appeared to enhance considerably the interest of the Forsyte drama. Jolyon, the son of Jolyon by Irene, for shortness called Jon, came into the world six months before Fleur, the daughter of Soames by Annette. Soames had longed for a son to inherit his property, but fate had played a spiteful trick on him by presenting him with a daughter, while giving his enemy a son.

Eighteen years passed, during which Jolyon and Irene sedulously avoided meeting Soames. But, fate once again began its nefarious work! Jon and Fleur, who were eighteen, met at an exhibition. The boy standing before a picture glinted sideways at the girl; and the girl standing on the other side looked back at the boy. Love at first sight, a strong love! Soames observed it and Irene observed it. But the idea of their marrying! It was unthinkable to both sides. Soames dissuading Fleur from the idea, while Fleur was determined to stand by it, afforded a pathetic set-off to Irene dissuading Jon and Jon yielding to his mother. Jon was parted from Fleur and went away to British Columbia; and Fleur, sick with rage and disappointment, consented to be led to the altar by the heir to a baronetcy.

The union of Fleur with this man was the "outward and visible sign of that merger of class in class which buttresses the political stability of a realm." The Great War had closed four years before and, as the aftermath of it, there existed in England, disintegration, superficiality, satiety and insincerity. Scarcely a hope raised by the war had been realised and all illusions had been rightly shattered. An eager rushing frenzy had taken hold of the people to enjoy life as much as they could and make up for the years lost through the war. The frenzy infected Fleur, who had always longed to live. "Life! oh, well, we know it is supposed to be a riddle, but we have given it up. We just want to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last." So said Fleur once to her cousin. Her husband, Michael Mont, a member of Parliament, was a sterling character and yet she could not get on well with him! A scapegrace of a poet, whom Michael had helped in getting his poems published, came between him and Fleur and kept him on tenterhooks for some time. Yet, though racked by jealousy, Michael would not spy on his wife. One evening, he sat in gloom, and perhaps for the first time, Fleur felt conscious that his cheerfulness was of real importance to her. Her heart misgave her and, asking what the matter was with him, she made a sly reference to her visit to

Wilfrid without his knowledge. "It is all right, Fleur", remarked Michael, "you must do what you like, you know. That's only fair". So far did his self-denial go! Time passed. Wilfrid left England for the East after a handshake with Michael, and Michael returned home happy.

At the beckoning of fate, a social rival to Fleur, who had now become a mother, appeared. The rival was a spendthrift daughter of a spendthrift aristocrat. She loved to be in the limelight and get all the enjoyment possible out of life, while not letting her friends down. The duel in social life of the two women led to a law suit, in which Fleur appeared as the defendant. Fleur triumphed, but felt defeated. "To attack modern morality was a good stunt with the Judge and the Jury and any one professionally pompous; but it makes one ridiculous now-a-days in society when everybody prides himself on lack of prejudice". Fleur had attacked modern morality in attacking her rival, and society therefore condemned her and ranged itself against her. "We have had a wretched week since the case", reported Michael to his father-in-law. Fleur felt so out of place that she wanted Michael to take her round the world. Michael could not do so, as he had to stick to his parliamentary business. Soames, at first, felt too insular, not to say too old, to leave England. Fleur wished, therefore, to go alone; but, Soames was too much of a father to let her do so, and decided to shake off his insularity and accompany her.

"In Modern Society one thing after another, this spice or that, ensures a kind of memoristic vacuum and Fleur Mont's passage-of-arms with Marjorie Ferrar was by the spring of 1926 well-nigh forgotten". The general Strike which broke out in England in April '26 is still within the memory of people even in this country. Jon Forstye, after an absence of six years, had just returned to the old world with his American wife. He had not forgotten that he was an Englishman and, with patriotism, volunteered to do his bit in the general strike as a stoker. At the suggestion of her husband, Fleur had established a canteen for the volunteers, a stunt which raised her in the eyes of society. Looking down on the row of faces at her canteen table, Fleur saw Jon and felt within her heart as if she had met with honeysuckle in winter. The mere sight of him awakened in her all her old feelings. Fate once more took the lead. It helped Fleur to get the temerity to suggest to Jon that he belonged to her and that she had a right to claim him as her own. But, true to his conscience, Jon fled; leaving Fleur to feel that she had met with the final defeat of her life.

A few days later, Fleur carelessly throwing a lighted cigarette at a picture set fire to her father's house. While rescuing his valuable pictures, Soames saw Fleur trying to kill herself. In helping to save her from that desperate act, he himself was mortally wounded. As Fleur sat watching her dying father, the thought of Jon receded from her mind. She was stricken with remorse, when she recalled how good her father had been to her. Michael too, to his relief, learned that, though there had been something between her and Jon, it was now all over for good.

If the Saga had not ended with the death of Soames, it would not have ended fittingly. Rightly was the last book of the series termed 'Swan Song'. Even when the first three books were published in a complete form in 1922 in London and New York, the Anglo-Saxon world had come comparatively to the conclusion that they had in the trilogy "a powerful epic of English life, of international importance": The other books were happily added, and Galsworthy's fame will ever rest securely upon this long history of the Forsytes.

For fear of becoming too long, only the characters connected with the main plot have been dealt with. Many of the other characters also are interesting. But, the selfish Soames, the noble-minded Jolyon and the honest young Jon on the one side, and on the other, the flighty but unattractive June, the enigmatic but charming Irene and the beautiful but thoughtless Fleur, claim the greater attention.

"At the end of life we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how happy we were, but how helpful we were."

"During a long life, I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but soonor or later returns to bless the giver, and becomes a chain binding him with golden bands to the throne of God."

(From *The Treasure Chest.*)

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) THE MAHARANI OF PITHAPURAM

IT was with the utmost regret that we heard of the untimely death, at the age of forty only, of the Maharani of Pithapuram. Her passing-away has left a big gap in the ranks of the enlightened women of India, which cannot easily, if ever, be filled up. Though not much in the public eye as far as active service was concerned, she yet earned a good name for kindness of heart, charitableness of disposition and a great desire to be of service to others. Many were the needy and the helpless and the depressed, that she unobstrusively helped; and it was through her efforts, aided by her husband's of course, that several women in poor circumstances were enabled to continue their studies. The Maharani was ever anxious to help forward the cause of Indian women, and was of great aid to the many clubs and associations started there for. In her own Pithapuram, she started a Ladies' Club, which is progressing well; and she was of great help to the Ladies' Rereation Club at Madras.

She was a cultured lady. She knew English well; studied Sanskrit a bit, and was a great reader of Telugu books, both classical and modern. Indeed, it was her habit to keep women-*pandits* with her, with whom she could converse on great subjects in beautiful language. She was a deep thinker; her ideals not only being high in theory, as I personally know, but also put to practical use in life. She was a great purchaser of Swadeshi materials.

She advocated physical culture and training for women, and could at one time play a fairly good game of tennis and badminton. She was a great traveller and had visited Western countries.

Her religion was of a simple, genuine and practical kind; and it was an irony of fate that her death was caused by some of her ceremonies at *Puja*-time, to which, true to her ideal of solitary worship, she admitted no one.

She was an efficient mother of six children, whom she brought up with thoughtful care and anxious solicitude. Much of her time indeed was given up to them, and their memories of her ought to stand them in good stead in their lives.

It is not easy to speak of her devoted companionship to her husband. Suffice it to say that it was an ideal one. The Maharani was a true *Pativirata* and always advocated that the truest duty of an Indian woman lay at home. Indeed, she was always great on Indian tradition.

The only blame that could be laid to her charge was that she kept herself and her daughters in *Purdah*. But then it must not be forgotten that she liked the custom, was comfortable in it, and was sincerely convinced that a woman could be of service to others through it, as well as outside it.

The esteem and love which were

1. **Miss Suravy Sinha,** B. A., B. L., is the first Indian Bengali lady to take the Law degree of the Rangoon University. She intends to set up practice at Bassein, (Burma).

Photo:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

2. **Srimathi Ratna Kumari Devi**, aged 14, is the first Marwari Girl to pass the final Sanskrit examination of the Calcutta Sanskrit Association.

3. **Miss Evelyn Basanti Mukand,** was awarded the White Memorial Gold Medal by the University of Lucknow at the annual convocation, for being the First M. A. student of the Canning College in English for 1932.

Photos :—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

4. **Mrs. Savitri Hardas Kundanani** has been nominated, for the first time in the tradition of the Sind Magistracy, as an Hon. Magistrate of Hyderabad, Sind, Bench Court. She is also a member of the School Board, Hyderabad, Sind, and was Chairman of the Municipal School Board, from 1928-1931 and lady Visitor, Central Prisons.

Photo :—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

5. **Mrs. Thibitha Moracha Gowder**, is the first Badaga lady to be elected a Member of the Nilgiri Dt. Board.

6. **Miss Sarah Pothan,** a Graduate in law, practising in the local courts, is the first lady to be appointed by the Government of Travancore as a Judge and Hony. Magistrate of Village Panchayats and Bench Magistrate Courts in Travancore.

7. **Mrs. Mahalaxmi Ammal,** the first Devanga lady to be elected unopposed as a member of the Salem Dt. Board. She is also a councillor of Salem Municipalty.

Photo :—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

Some Women Pioneers of India.

[library stamp]

First Lady Pilot.

Miss K. N. Duncan,

of the Church of Scotland Mission, is the first lady to pilot an aeroplane in South India.

Photo:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam*

THE KURNOOL LADIES' CLUB

felt for her were evidenced by the great sorrow shown in her own country at her premature death. Her charming presence, her genial friendship, her gentle as well as elevating conversation, her simple faith, and her kindly guidance, endeared her to her friends; and it will be long before the memory of them will fade away in Southern India.

I give here a tribute from one of her young friends:

"'A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and friend.'

"This is, without the least exaggeration the truth about the late beloved Maharani of Pithapuram. There is an old tradition that 'a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth'; and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, radiate joy and happiness around them. The late Maharani was one who belonged completely to this category. 'A merry heart is a continual feast to others besides herelf'. The Maharani's ever cheerful disposition was a source of inspiration to her friends; and her wide sympathy, combined with something ardent and responsive in her temperament, attracted many people. She was all that was pure in womanhood. A devoted wife, a loving mother, a most sympathetic friend she undoubtedly was all her life-time.

"The Maharani was a most refined and cultured woman. She was well-versed in Sanscrit and English literature, but she was very modest about herself and flaunted no conspicuous intellectual claim.

"To us, young women, she was a great example. In her death, we have lost a most precious friend. The greatest honour we can do her is to try to follow in her footsteps, to be as kind, as loving, as God-fearing, as pure and as simple as she was all her life-time. May her spirit hover about us always and be a source of inspiration to us!"

(2) AVIATION FOR WOMEN.

It was with surprise and admiration, and yet with a certain amount of fear that lately I heard a young Indian girl proclaiming that she was taking lessons in flying. The first two feelings can easily be understood, but I think it is time that the third feeling is submerged. Indian mothers should no longer be afraid for their daughters, or at least should not allow their natural alarms to triumph. Indian girls must come out, as much as Western women; aud one of the greatest things to which they can turn their attention in modern days is aviation, Now that woman's scope has been enlarged, and she can set herself to do anything, is it not time for her to take to flying as well? And she is doing so. With Mrs. F. D. Patel as the first qualified woman-pilot, many Indian women are learning aviation; and time is sure to show that they can prove themselves as good at it as others. The wonderful flying feats of Mrs. Mollison have electrified the world, and have proved that the endurance and skill of women can be as great as that of men. Indeed, there can be no question of the suitability or not of women for the art. As Mr. Mollison was reported to have said recently, there can be great fliers among women as well as men. There is no need to relegate

aviation to any one sex. He says-"The figures showing the large number of women, who have taken out pilot's licenses, and who have shown themslves efficient in the mechanical side of aviation, tend to show woman's flying aptitude. If a woman proves herself more capable than a man, then she is entitled to fill the job. This argument may be opposed on economic grounds, but not I think on any other. Capable, hard-working women have the same right to success as men, provided they can prove their worth, and in the air they may find a splendid opportunity for so doing.

"I hold no brief for men or women pilots. All I wish to see is aviation getting the best talent available, be it male or female. Neither sex has an advantage in the flying game, unless it be in the fact that a man's powers of endurance can better stand the strain of an exceptional flight. Even then, I am inclined to think that the wonderful efforts of the world's best aviatrices have proved that women are equally capable in that direction."

The chief qualities necessary for flying seem to be great endurance, a capability for very hard and single-minded work, tremendous grit, immense energy, and unfailing tenacity. There must be courage also ; for when, as we know, a brave heart is necessary even for ordinary flying with someone else as pilot, greater must that courage be which can pilot a machine even with a skilled pilot to help, and greatest of all indeedmust that heart be which can do her own flight alone and far, as Amy Mollison did. As Mr. Mollison says : "A number of inspiring qualities are necessary in the air-woman. It is not a job that pampered daughters may take up merely for a *thrill.* You cannot enter flying and hope to succeed, if you do so solely with the idea of making it a temporary hobby. Lots of women have done so and have soon tired of their new toy. Flying does not lend itself to any, save those who are willing to work, and to work hard in its cause. If they are willing to do so, they may reap rewards.

"I would rate tenacity first among the necessary qualities of the woman-flier. Unless she is determined to devote her entire time, energy and mind to the job she may as well give it up. She must not be deterred by failure: rather she should allow her rebuffs to encourage her to greater effort. Do not think that I make these statements dogmatically, or with any wish to over-estimate the difficulties of my own profession. I say these things solely because I believe them, and in the hope that by doing so I may encourage the girl-flier of real grit, and discourage those who would enter aviation in a half-hearted manner."

Mrs. Mollison, as stated in an interview given by her to a member of the *Empire Literary Service*, is also of opinion that women can be of great use in flying. In the first place, they can be as good as men. "I doubt very much whether there is any form of activity in which women have become so prominent in such a short space of time. By this I do not refer only to the long-distance solo flights of famous women pilots, but to the astonishingly large number of women in many countries who have qualified as pilots and, even more important, have familiarised themselves with aeroplane

machinery to such an extent that they are competent engineers as well. Many of these women use their machines for both business and pleasure, and form an undoubted asset to the aviation world."

In the second place, women can popularise flying, for their very presence will prove that aviation has become fairly safe. Moreover, there is the question of comfort, convenience and ease in flying, which women can advance, as they have done so in motoring. As Mrs. Millison states: "When women take up flying *en masse*, you will soon notice material changes in aircraft which will herald a future of great comfort in the air. Machines will be very much more attractive and fitted with all sorts of happy conveniences which were unheard of in the past. I will not take it upon myself to draw a word picture of the 'plane of the future, but I fancy its development will be on the lines of the motor-car, and that the feminine touch will be apparent in nearly all machines.

"It is fairly easy to see that the hand of women can popularise flying considerably, and at the same time do much to advance this new and wonderful discovery. I am sufficiently air-minded to realise that flying is the means of transport and communication of the future, but I also know that much still remains to be done before it is perfect. We can all talk glibly of the visionary machines of the future, and think of the time when we can travel from London to Sydney in three days, and in comfort. But much must be done before this comes about. New discoveries will follow only long and patient seeking and great 'planes will only follow hard work—work in which woman will play a conspicuous and worthy part."

Finally there seem to be many other ways in which women can be of benefit in flying, even if they cannot be "aces." Mrs. Mollison mentions the "perfect *Secretary*," who can pilot her employer in quick business trips; there can be also an advantage in *social* activities, if families can be piloted by women to different places. Women can be of use as *nurses* in flying ambulance services, also as *engineers*, *stewardesses* and *maids* in big air-ships. In fact there can be no end to their usefulness in the "air." And if a woman can be an efficient and famous pilot, and keep up her womanliness at the same time, as Amy has, great indeed will be her worth!

1 5 APR 35 MADRAS

"THE IDEAL WOMAN"
OR
A POSSIBLE AVERAGE WOMAN

The article by Miss H. Kaveri Bai in the November-December number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is both amusing and dictatorial.

Before explaining why, a reference is necessary to the splendid article by N. R. Krishnamma in the same issue, on *Criticism*,—splendid because it is a logical discussion with a logical conclusion.

"Fault-finding", which is nothing other than criticism, is a weapon, the handling of which requires careful study and patience. The main rules for the use of this weapon are included in logic. A criticism based on a logical discussion is a fair criticism, and should give rise to constructive measures, as the process of reasoning involved should and will reveal all the weak links in the subject under attention.

Again, words with comparative meanings really convey nothing to the reader. "Words" in this case are those which are based on a moral foundation.

Now, Miss K. Bai uses many such words, the meaning of which depends on the reader's mentality. Consequently, in some cases, the article becomes a mass of disconnected thoughts with no binding links.

To give a list of these words in the article is impossible, because they are so many; but may Miss K. Bai be asked by what right did she use the words, "Vice, wickedness, sane-thinking, chastity, fallen women, decent girls, virtue, moral and spiritual guidance, and loose?"

Truth, Beauty and Goodness are three ideals, which, up to the present, have not been realised and thus are still "ideals". Most men have their own conception of these three moral components, and till their absolute values are discovered there cannot be any *untruth*, *ugliness*, or *evil*. The question may well be asked, how can a man denounce evil to others, when he does not know what goodness means to men in general? (The use of the word "*man*" is purely for convenience and includes *woman* as well.)

Criticism on moral grounds is rather out of date. Modern writers plainly point out the benefits derived, when the marriage institution is a thing of the past, and where birth-control, and the state as the foster-mother of children, are in force. This condition, according to Miss Bai, would be one of "grossness and vulgarity", because she completely forgets that others have opinions differing from her own, or better still methods of evolving a result from some starting-point.

Criticism on reasoning is not out of place, but to advance a number of opinions based entirely on a moral code is "the absolute limit."

Miss Bai's statement, "Injures her health by smoking", is rather rash. She

goes on the principle of *cause and effect*, which is really applicable to what is known as non-living matter. Even here, according to modern science, this law is found to be far from true. But to apply it to mankind is rather unfair. Miss Bai infers that, because ninety-nine cases out of a hundred suffer bad health because of smoking, therefore the hundredth case should suffer as well as the others. The wish, that "it would be as easy as this", is a happy dream to most science.

Lindsay and Havelock Ellis merely offer their opinions and never attempt to "lay down the law". They merely draw reasonable conclusions from their data, and offer a possible theory.

As regards "skits, cartoons, and rhymes on costumes and cosmetics," Miss Bai misses the whole point, namely humour, which is the name given to that part of the brain, whose working produces laughter. The supposed meanness of the Scotchman is famous, and many jokes are in print as regards this assumed failing. But men from other races do not think the Scotchman mean or stingy. Far from it. The average Scotchman is considered a "splendid chap."

There are many sentences in Miss Bai's article, which can be grouped under the category of being based on a moral code, which none at present should have any right to hold, specially as far as I am concerned. The "Moral code", or that ability of Miss Bai's to draw the line between good and bad, is the gauntlet I throw down to her, and I sincerely hope that she will take it up and answer this article with as much satire as she is capable of. Discussions are interesting sometimes even to non-combatants. Besides, the exploding of this "moral code" is most essential for India, for then perhaps we might become a group of students, knowing our unworthiness, instead of all trying to be leaders.

The consideration that all people are similar will abolish the ordinary fault-finder, because, to "remove the beam in thy own eye" will be the natural reaction. Criticism without a foundation is due to the superiority-complex, which like self-pity is a great stumbling-block.

I am afraid my opinion on my "Ideal woman" will not help. My "Ideal woman" only exists for myself, and though often I have tried to draw her either by words or lines, she is never complete on paper. She is unrealisable, and in that sense an "Ideal". As soon as she is in black and white, she can no longer be an ideal, but becomes a "common" woman.

A man.

[*Note.* "A Man" here is talking on general grounds. He avers that criticism must be based on logical discussion, that words with comparative meanings must be carefully used, and that every individual must express his or her own opinion in a humble and correct way. I am sure he includes within this dictum that criticism of what one thinks wrong need not wait till the absolute values of truth, beauty and goodness are evolved; otherwise I am afraid it will have to wait for ever. If one has to defer to modern writers, who defend utilitarian methods, I am afraid life will become very undesirably prosaic indeed. A world's moral standard can never be truly evolved; but individual standards can try to approach as near

as possible to that absolute ideal of morality, which must exist, and which I believe, is unalterable. There is no harm in trying to think of it. At the same time, as our "man" writes, the superiority-complex must be avoided. Criticism, undoubtedly, *must* give rise to constructive methods; but what will the world be without destructive criticism? The very effort to approach an ideal in all such criticism must be its own apology.] *Editor, I. L. M.*

IS COURTSHIP A SIN?

As a result of our contact with the West, the modern young man has learnt to count the moments of his life in terms of romance; he is full of romantic sentimentality. He resents supervision and tries to find some idealism in real life, especially in marriage.

Some people believe in marriages being arranged by the respective parents, while others openly rebel against such an attitude. That parents should make a choice for their sons or daughters is an age-long custom still obtaining amongst us; but is it not based on a crude idea of marriage and does it not give rise to a disheartening outlook on life? They are perhaps not wrong, who hold that the boy and the girl ought to be sufficiently advanced socially and economically to make wise selections for themselves.

To ask parents to arrange a match is a seemingly simple and easy method, so far as the individual is concerned; but even then it may fail to bring about desired happy relations. What assurance have the parents that the girl and the boy of their choice will agree with the tastes and aspirations of each other? Not being infallible after all, their interference may make the buoyant and gay youth of romance figure in a sullen and morose light. What is vitally necessary for a happy married life is sympathetic *rapport* in terms of common-sense psychology.

Without courtship, marriage is more often than not a crucifixion. It robs family-life of joy and inspiration. The man and the woman are so often at mental, emotional and idealistic odds with each other that they create a psychic complex and an inward instability of soul, which may haunt them all their lives; they are thrust into a vacuum by moral and legal systems, hedged about by ignorance and subjected to slurs by the orthodox. In such cases, the aspirations of life itself are killed, and liking, instead of quickening into true love, turns into bitter hatred which often ends in legal or social separation.

Love is the only valid basis for marriage; it is a mysterious attraction of two people for each other, an unanalysable mystery, and a thrill which can be all-sufficient for permanent happiness. Yet, social morality has aimed to keep human nature encased, for fear that release may mean a dangerous liberation of impulse upon society; but, like life, love and marriage cannot be controlled by subjection; and, whether older-fashioned people can succeed in annihilating the tender feelings of youth by treading ruthlessly upon them,

is a question to be answered only by the coming generation.

Marriage is not an agency of the state, through which multifarious self-seeking groups of humanity can work their will and aim at subjecting men and women to a life-long servitude; nor is it a medium for increasing and multiplying the population of the world. On the other hand, it is a blessing conferred on both the sexes by the Creator, and with it they become each other's keepers and collaborators. Marital relations should, therefore, be essentially human and personal; for woman is not a non-entity, neither is the man so; both have value and dignity.

Marriage should be a romantic, and not a prosaic, affair. Love at first sight, however, seems to be a wrong notion; and, it seems to me, the friendship acknowledged between a man and a woman on their engagement-day, further ratified by the marriage-bond, can turn into true love only after a sufficiently long time has elapsed of association. When entering into a life-long agreement with each other, it is imperative that the boy and the girl should have known each other sufficiently well before.

Youth is drawn towards marriage by the vague phantom of romance, the unknown desire for untasted experiences and mysteries. This desire can be satisfied only by entering into friendship with other, which in course of time is likely to develop into courtship. Such a relationship is not likely to lead to antagonism in later life, but will enable the couple to look at marriage with eyes open, so as to build the wider fellow-ship which modern life requires.

S. K.

WE WHO ARE DEAD

We who are dead still watch the ages go
In gay procession down the aisles of time,
Our sleep-filled eyes look on your arrogant show,
Your pageantry of light, and shade, and rhyme,
And think—Alas, we now shall never more
March proud-spirited with the sons of men,
No dawn will bring back to our alien shore
Life's sweetest things. They are beyond our ken.

How shall we slumber when our thoughts still hold
Soft liquid laughter, song, and quiet mirth,
Dreams we have known, adventure high and bold,
All colour glorifying your dear earth?

These things, though we have passed Death's dismal gate,
Our memories shall keep inviolate.

E. H. D' ALWIS.

STORMY SUNSET

A lurid light lit up the evening sky;
Black stood the temple *gopuram* lifted high;
From eastward, darkest clouds and thunder rolled,
A vivid contrast to the western gold.

Glory and darkness, sunshine and thunder-shower
Fought for the victory in that twilight hour;
All verdure glowed in bright expectancy,
And gave to beauty aid and sympathy.

The wondrous hour is o'er; the battle done;
To outward sight black darkness must have won,
But glowing sunset's radiance, ere it cease,
Has brought to darkening night its glory's peace.

E. H. W.

AUNT J

(A character sketch)

Aunt J is my father's only sister. She got into our house and joined us long before I was put to school. She was very young and very healthy then and would have been superbly beautiful, had not my uncle died at the prime of life. You may wonder how a graceful girl becomes less graceful with the death of her husband. But you will not do so, when I disclose the fact that she was a Brahmin, and aggressively orthodox. The death of her partner meant the immediate removal of her jewels, the whole-sale shaving of her head, and the compulsory avoidance of fine sarees, in favour of the widow's repellent cream cloth. The withdrawal of these artificial adjuncts to feminine grace, not to speak of the poignant grief caused by the untimely demise of a man who was all the world to her, diminished the grace of my aunt's person.

Brought up within the unassailable citadel of orthodoxy, surrounded by the sparrow-like frivolity of the softer sex, and inspiring the fatal air of enslaving superstition, my aunt easily reconciled herself to her lot. Behold her, then, very punctual and punctilious in the observance of those religious rites, which the current generation in general, and myself in particular, are honouring by a zealous breach. She wakes up at sun-rise and after a cold bath smears her brow and limbs with a thick paint of the so-called sacred ash. When I get up and sit to the coffee prepared by my mother, my aunt has done with counting beads and chanting '*Jabams*'. She does her cooking herself, on her own hearth and never suffers my mother to defile the utensils with her profane touch. Eating her breakfast, the quality of which I have not till now tasted, though I have

oftentimes noticed its quantity to be in excess, my aunt invariably objects to my harmless coffee. A woman of the old school, she turns up her nose at this beverage, and others akin to it. But, being inured to this necessary evil, I feel I cannot possibly get on without it. And I am blessed with a kindly father, to whom a hot cup of strong coffee means more than a wagon-load of manna. So, on this question as on many others, my aunt's reprimands have little or no effect.

It is my religion to receive my friends, and be received by them with undisguised welcome. I can count upon some choice souls for melting away my cares, for entertaining me and for buoying my spirits up. They are drawn from several communities, but really are of one community, as I think. These chums of mine call on me every other day and we spend some time in foolish chatter. "How do you like our new 'demon' (meaning 'demonstrator')?" asks Chandar, and before I can reply, another is anxious to know whether I would initiate a debate on 'the bright side of co-education'. A third frets to know how our college may fare in the inter - collegiate cricket match. But, before my dear Damu can pour out his soul in our favourite ditty, my aunt is down upon him in right earnest and gives him a cruel stare, which is enough to drive him into a fright and make him look for the nearest exit.

It is my aunt's incurable disease to feel quite upset, whenever my friends come to me. There was a time when she used to rant and rave at me for gathering all sorts of 'fellows' into my room. But now that I have come of age, and my father trusts me to a fault, the truculent critic has turned into a silent Satan. Her bigotry has reached such a climax that she cannot bring herself to like a non-Brahmin, nor even so much as look upon him. My aunt's love for me is so much more than any other aunt's for her nephew that she has taken it into her head that the choice of my friends is her responsibility. I can appreciate the selflessness of her motive, though it is quite impossible for me to tolerate the absurdity of her method.

It is my aunt's blind notion that the Brahmin is of the supreme 'good' and all but he of the infernal species. To hate the latter is her faith, her spiritual duty, her gate-way to the kingdom of God. I could tolerate, rather overlook, this bigoted belief of my aunt's, had not her previous practices run counter to her present prattle. For instance, in her palmy days, my aunt never refused a Pariah's gift, if it was given scot-free. My uncle's peons used to be regular sufferers from her profound greed. Though aunt J hated their caste, she tasted nothing bitter, nothing unpalatable or unsavoury either in heaps of jack-fruit, or in baskets of mangoes with which they constantly waited on her, to be in the good books of my uncle. She was a veritable pest to Palani Nadar, in whose palmyrah fruit she found supreme delight, and a regular nuisance to Sodalaimuthu whose jasmine-wreaths were her constant craving. Again, the bangle-wallah was a frequent drain upon my uncle's bank-balance, aunt J being one of his never-failing customers. She used to squeak with joy at his sight, and without the ghost of a scruple hold out her

hand to him. The bangle-wallah, you know, is not a Brahmin; but he had something to attract my aunt which no Brahmin has. Last but not least, my aunt had a servant-maid, a maid o' all work, who moved on close terms with her; though I have not the shadow of a doubt that the girl was drawn from a lower stratum of society.

All these and many other instances not only disclose aunt J's pathetic lack of reason and good sense, but also throw a flood of light on the adamantine obstinacy into which she has forced herself to suit her new needs.

Failing to 'mend' me, my aunt tried all she could to change my father's attitude towards me. Times without number she importuned him into punishing me, that I might be liked by the village wise-acres and not be led astray by my companions. But to no effect.

Now she has given up this bad habit and taken to one which is worse still. Every day, she gads about, invades every open door, makes friends with every widow, no matter whether she is good, bad or indifferent, and chatters without end.

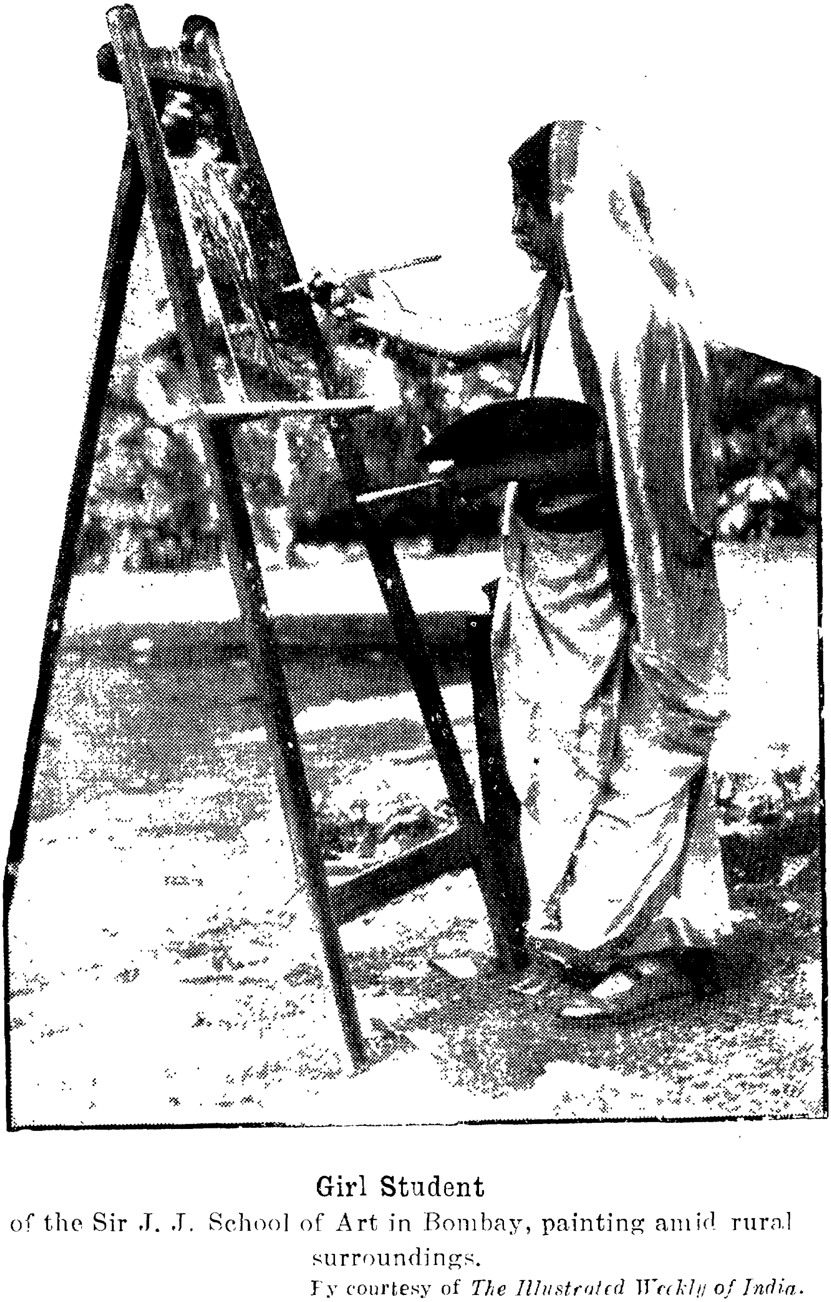
It must be said to the credit of aunt J. that she is an *unwearied* gossip. All illiterate women come under this category. Our widows in particular, are past masters in scandal; but, it is bare justice to my aunt to say that she easily outshines her colleagues. Her erudition is the admiration of her party. There is no Encyclopedia so exhaustive, no newspaper so up-to-date as aunt J. Seshi, the banker's daughter buys a Karachi silk. Her neighbours see it and that's all they know about it. But my aunt, far away from Seshi's door, gets the news sooner than anybody else and knows besides the circumstances preceding the purchase of the silk, how many words passed between man and wife before the former loosened his purse-strings and the latter received the silk from the hawker's hand. Valam, the tobacco-magnate's third wife—young enough to be his third daughter—parades the street with a heavy load of gold and diamonds. Indigent drudges leave the hearth and run to the more congenial verandahs of their houses to get a 'darsan' of this mundane goddess decked in her costliest. Ambitious girls go in procession after her. An epidemic of stares and whispers breaks out. What woman's heart can gold despise? Nobody knows, and all are eager to know, what sums could have been lavished on this grand decoration. Different women guess differently, each asserting the truth of her version and the consequent falsity of the others; and, if the warfare of words does not mature into abuse, it is because my aunt's authentic authority intervenes and silences the crowd to patient hearing, by placing before it a statistical report of the number, nature and cost of the precious ornaments on the person of the tobacco-magnate's wife. Her itinerant propensities enable aunt J to know everything of everybody, and place her in an enviable position among the stay-at-home widows of our street.

My father loved his sister dearer than a brother. Her premature widowhood elicited a particular partiality to her. His opinion of her was that she was poor as a church-mouse and simple to a fault. Being a traveller by profession, he was in the dark about her local pursuits.

Bangalore Artistes

Miss Ivy Brown (left,) and **Miss Dorothy Swan**, who have recently been appearing in Bangalore in a series of Indian dances.—*Photo, Brown.*

By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India.*



Girl Student

of the Sir J. J. School of Art in Bombay, painting amid rural surroundings.

By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*.

Now and then he would take leave and stay at home. My aunt also used to take leave and bury herself in her Ramayana or Mahabharata. But now, that retrenchment has thrown my father permanently out of a job, he lives with us. My aunt's ways have at last been brought to light. Several reports, vulgarly vexatious in quality, have relaxed the cords of his tranquility and he is at his wit's end what to do with a sister, who has done him more harm than even the axe of retrenchment.

P. S. A. KRISHNAPPA.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her: she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. What will she do now?]

CHAPTER 2

Janaki rushed out of her father's gate, as if possessed. She thought she heard her step-mother calling after her; but she did not hesitate. She went the length of the road and then she stopped. Reflection came to her. She was contemplating a drastic step. It behoved her to stop and consider. Should she really do as she had thought of doing, a short while ago? What, in the heat of her wrath had seemed the only thing worth doing in the circumstances, now, when it came to the actual doing of it, seemed a very a daring idea. How had she thought about it at all? And yet the fact remained that, not only had the idea been admitted by her, but that it was also one she had actually pondered over and worked on. Then, was she a wicked girl, as her step-mother said she was? Perhaps. But really she had only played with the idea, feeling that she could draw back at any moment.

It had been this way. In one of her rare leisure moments, which she had in sheer desperation snatched from her heavy duties in the house, Janaki had glanced over a newspaper. Suddently her eye had fallen on the astounding lines, "A young man of good family wants, with a view to marriage, to meet a girl, young, good-looking, and unconventional. If willing, please write Box 21, c/o., The Indian Record."

Magic words they had seemed to her, for they appeared exactly to fit her circumstances. Was she not all that the advertiser wished her to be? And yet what a risk! What sort of a young man would he prove to be?

Well then why not risk it? She could not stay on in that wretched house of her father's. All her high spirit, all her wonderful magnetism, were being stolen from her.

One can presume by this time that Janaki did have a high idea of herself! And why not? The spirit of unconvention did call for a great spirit, for courage and steadfastness. And Janaki was sure she had some of such qualities at least.

Or should she take up the other idea, that other mad plan of hers and her cronies? This was to a start a sort of women's detective agency, to enquire into certain criminal matters. Could they do it, she and Menaka and Sarada together, a trio of weak women, unused to such things? Why not again? Had not such a thing been done in novels? Were there not great women detectives? But then such detective work would not give her a house; she must live still in her father's home. Moreover, such work could be carried on, even if she was married.

So, she decided to act on the advertisement, if only for fun, and satisfy her curiosity. There was no need actually to act out the idea, after all, she thought, if she did not like it.

She had already written to the address given by the advertiser, not giving her name, but cautiously suggesting that she would like to meet the young man in question. A reply had come, suggesting a meeting-place in a corner of the public garden. A sign could be arranged for recognition. The meeting was due to take place very shortly.

She was by now in the park, but not at the exact place of the meeting. It was rather strange for her to be alone there, and many people glanced at the pretty girl in her pretty dress. Some recognised her as her father's daughter; but very few saluted her, for in India, it does not become a well-bred man to greet a solitary Hindu girl directly, unless, of course, they are in a fast set.

As she stood hesitating, a stout burly form caught her eye, coming in at the gate. It was Natesan. her *bete noir*. He seemed to be looking for some one, perhaps for her.

Thereupon Janaki fled on fleet feet to the place of assignation.

CHAPTER 3.

The band was playing gaily in the park. Janaki stood uncertainly near a tall pillar, a lonely figure in the happy busy crowd. She felt herself in a very invidious position. Where would it end, this terrible situation, into which she had thrust herself? A dozen times she was on the point of turning tail and flying away. But a dozen times, her brave spirit kept her there.

Where was he, this rich, fine, man she was to meet? Oh, she felt so ashamed. She must escape, she must!

But just then, he appeared in view; that it was he she knew by the big button-hole of three-coloured flowers in the lapel of his coat, purple, red and white, rather a ridiculous thing for a man, but all the better therefore for recognition. And certainly the advertisement was right. He did look of good family; he was good looking too, superbly god-like in face and form; and he was richly, quietly dressed in Indian style.

He stood still and looked round. Janaki came forward a step. His eyes fell on her in due course. She raised her hand. His gaze stayed; and then she made the sign she had arranged in

her letter, a circle made round her face with three fingers and then a deep *namaskaram* (salutation with both hands together).

He came forward quietly, as if toward an old friend. They sauntered off casually, side by side, into a lonely path.

"Well ?" said the man.

"Well ?" said the girl.

"Will you marry me ?"

"Who are you ?"

He laughed and looked hard at her. "I see after all you are rather a conventional creature. I had thought you a wild, harum-scarum miss; which idea your appearance certainly belies, in spite of the impish gleam in your eye, backed by the saucy tilt of your lips........."

Janaki by this time had drawn herself up very stiffly and withdrawn her gaze from him.

"I haven't given you permission to be familiar with me, have I ?"

He laughed ironically.

"No, my lady, you have not. I humbly apologise."

There was no ridicule or sarcasm in his words or look, though Janaki looked carefully for it. She felt slightly mollified.

"My people are new to this neighbourhood. I belong to an orthodox family, which has come, during the last few months, to settle here. Perhaps your father knows about us."

"My father? But then", she burst out suddenly, "I cannot ask him".

"Then he too is an orthodox man, who dislikes unconventionalities, like this for instance".

"Can you blame him? Is such a thing usual, as that which is happening now?" asked Janaki.

"You mean our meeting? Certainly, I admit it is a very curious situation. What shall we do about it?"

"What do you suggest?"

"You came to meet me, as my advertisement suggested, with a view to marriage. There's no use shirking that fact, is there?"

"No", murmured Janaki, in shame.

"Don't be upset," the man consoled, "you must have been forced by circumstances to come here, especially as you seem to be afraid of your father".

"That's quite true," the girl admitted. "It wasn't altogether my evil nature which made me risk this adventure. But how you must despise me"!

"I don't; I understand. Well then, let me go on. My family is not quite rich, and I am considered the black sheep of the family. Yet, I—I assure you, I have got my own share of honour, though others may not admit it. But, you must risk all that, if you marry me."

"And I am the daughter of Krishna Iyer, the Head Accountant of this place. I have passed my Inter., and would like to go on with my B. A. But my step-mother wishes me to marry a man, whom I dislike. So, you will understand this is a marriage of convenience for me. There can be no question of love. If I don' marry you, I'll be in a fix.

"Why?" He looked at her strangely.

"Through a harmless frolic, and because I was forced into certain circumstances."

"My wife must be above suspicion."

"Oh, as to that," she said tossing her head, "so must my husband be. But I assure you, I've done nothing wrong."

He seemed surprised by her lenient attitude. He had expected a burst of anger. He explained as much to her with a smile, and she smiled in return. Then he went on.

"My father is Ramana Iyer, an influential broker. I am Seshan. I graduated in England and have just got some educational work in a town rather far from here. If you marry me, you must come away with me."

"That would be best," she murmured. "Life wouldn't be worth living here with my step-mother all over me."

"Will you take me on trust then? It must be rather a case of *Bluebeard*, as far as my past is concerned; for I have had a past. You may come across some indications of it, which you don't like."

"Was it a dishonourable one?"

"Some people would say so."

"What do you say?"

"I liked it in a way."

"But you say it was a past," said Janaki. "Why did you give it up then, if you liked it?"

"I think I had better tell you my story, or at least part of it. You seem quite an intelligent girl and a large-hearted one."

He bowed to her; and she smiled at him; for, underneath his outward polish, she detected an inward appreciation. And, true to the maxim that approval in one breeds a reciprocal approval in another, especially in a woman, she felt her heart warming towards him. What a fine-looking man he was, and how *good* he looked! Surely, he couldn't have done anything bad; or perhaps his actions had been misunderstood and so considered wicked. His own motive for them must have been an honourable one. In any case, she would stick to him, whatever he disclosed.

"I am not going to tell you what my hobby was," he began. Janaki naturally looked disappointed, but brightened up. as he went on. "I shall tell you why I took it up. I had a beloved elder brother, he and I being the only two children of my family. You can imagine then how we appreciated each other. And he deserved all the love he could get; for he was a saint, a suffering saint. He had always been delicate and, as years passed, he grew more sickly. And this poor martyr, the most harmless man in the world, was done to death by a rich man, because forsooth, that man believed he had a grudge against our father, who is a broker, as I told you. Could anything be worse than that. I ask you." His voice broke a little, and he turned aside, pretending to look at some people. Janaki felt her eyes smart, and blinked hard. The silence continued. At last, she murmered in a small voice:

"How did he do it?"

He turned sharply, and there was a hard glitter in his eyes.

"How? In a very underhand way, of course. My brother had met a girl, a cultured one, whom he liked very much. The girl herself admired him, and would have married him. Things indeed might have happened that way; but—but—this rogue somehow managed to poison her mind against my brother—and—he died."

"She couldn't have been a good girl, if she let down a sick man like that."

He turned sharply again.

"Make no mistake about that," he cried. "She also was a saint—a lovely saint."

Janaki felt her heart contract with an unknown painful feeling. He continued:

"No, she tried not to show him her changed feelings."

"How could she believe anything against him?"

"How could she not, when proof was brought?"

"Even then? And, even if he did wrong, he must have had a good motive."

"She—she was a very simple girl. She could not understand all that. And so, she tried not to show the change; but love's eyes are quick, and he found it out. His heart broke then."

"What happened to the girl?"

"I became engaged to her," he said simply. "I had loved her from the beginning: but had had to dissemble when my brother was alive. But then—oh—after a long time————"

A far-away look came into his eyes, and Janaki felt another stab of unhappy pain. She looked at him with blurred eyes.

"You loved her then?"

"I did; and I honoured her so much that I gave up my—my—hobby for her sake. You see, after the death of my brother, I felt I had to have my revenge against the rich man, and so —I—"

"What did you do?" asked Janaki.

"I won't tell you; but I gave it up, at the request of Sundari. She made me promise never to take it up again. So, when—she—died—"

An unholy feeling of joy possessed Janaki. She almost smiled; but recollected herself in time.

"She died then?" she asked stupidly. He nodded.

"Why do you wish to marry then?"

"I am the only remaining son of my father, who says I must marry. He wished to arrange a match for me, but I refused. He gave in then as he knows me well. If he does not indulge me in this, I shall never marry. But, he relies on my discretion, I know. So, I thought of advertising. I realise now how foolish I have been—for I might have fallen into a terrible mess. But the gods have been kind to me. I met you. And so, will you forgive me?"

She nodded, unable to speak, for there was a peculiar feeling in her heart; a dazed feeling, a sense of half-realisation, a hope, and a joy. Can you wonder she felt bewildered? There was deep pain in her heart, and yet she would not have relinquished that for the whole world. It was an exquisite sensation, and it was all centred in the man before her. She adored him.

"Dare I ask if you will marry me?"

She nodded again; and a look of pleased surprise replaced the pain in his eyes.

"I thank you, my dear," he said. "I shall try to see that you will never regret your noble decision. You realise of course—that—that I shall have no deep feeling for you. We shall just be friends, eh?"

"Of course," said Janaki, suddenly waking up and remembering that she must not betray her love for this man. It would be a disgrace to her, if he suspected it. So, she smiled brightly.

"What shall we do when we get married?"

"We can both paint the world red, or—or start on plenty of good work. I shall try to second you in all your efforts, after my own duties are over."

"Then, I'll have a good deal of time of my own?"

"Perhaps. We can study together, go out together and so on, you know. We'll try to be good companions, as much as we can."

"Then, can I have a hobby of my own to spend my leisure time on? I have always been keen on it?"

"What is it?

"Detective work"

He gave a great start, and emitted a loud whistle.

"What! You a detective? What makes you like that line"?

She explained, and then coucluded,

"So, you see my friends; Sarada and Menaka, wish to be with me in this matter. We three are a sort of complement to each other. I suppose. Sarada is short and round and soft, sweet and gentle, rather submissive and yielding. Menaka is tall and regal, imperious and steady, thoughtful and slow-going, yet sensitive to a degree, though self-controlled. I am impulsive and *skittish*. We thought we would make a good detective agency. We wanted to call ourselves 'The Coterie.' But now we shall be separated. Can't you help me?"

He had turned sideways to her, while she was talking, and his head had been bent in thought. Now, he turned full to her and looked into her eyes with a quizzical look. There was a curious smile about his mobile lips.

'I can't promise; but, if I can, I'll help you. Let's leave it at that. Do you know anything of detectivo work?"

"I promise you, I shall be good at it. I have been training myself; and have read lots of books."

He laughed out-right at that, and then became serious as he saw she was vexed. "Don't be cross. I'm not laughing at you really. Well then, shall we strike the bargain ?"

"I am a foolish, silly creature; but if I try to do right, will you be good to me, tolerant, non-interfering and understanding ?"

"I will. And will you be true to me, whatever happens."

"I will; if I wish to do anything drastic, I shall give you fair notice. But ordinarily I promise not to be rash, but to consult you on most matters."

"That's all I ask. If, for instance, you meet a man you like better than me, we can try to arrange matters, amicably, eh ? And you must be understanding also and tolerant, and try not to think too badly of me, even if you hear bad things about me. Eh ?"

"You also must do the same about me."

"But you said yours was only a harmless frolic."

"Even then, Seshan."

"Of course."

She smiled shyly upon him.

"We shall be friends, shall we, true friends?"

I shall always be at your service, my lady. Let's shake hands".

They did so; and both had the same thought. Had there ever before been such a bargain struck? But it was a happy one, for Janaki at least. She did not care what happened to her. She would be with her man.

From somewhere in the band-stand the voice of a *palli* (a fly-catcher) sounded.

"There speaks the truth ; my father says that the *palli* never tells a lie," he exclaimed. I am sure that we shall be happy. But, are you superstitious ? Never mind, we'll find out about each other later. There's time enough for that. Now let's make the necessary arrangements."

(To be continued.)

IN MAN'S REALM

King Dasarath

Of the long line of kings, who belonged to the great Manu dynasty, there was none who attained the Gadi at such a young age as Dasarath, the great hero. In his fifth year, his mother Indumathi, and in his fifteenth year his father Aza, died, but the great and noble qualities of King Dasarath were fostered under the guidance of able teachers. Soon the people became reconciled to the loss of their beloved ruler, the Emperor Aza.

The young King's humility and knowledge astonished the wise and aged men of the country. Though young in years, King Dasarath was aged in wisdom.

In the cabinet of King Dasarath, there were Vasishta, Sumantra and eight other eminent men. Vasishta, the sage, was the family-priest of the King, and Sumantra the minister-in-chief. When the wit and wisdom and ability of the highly-accomplished ministers and the great qualities of the King were blended harmoniously, the country quite naturally increased in wealth and peace to an enviable extent. Though Dasarath had many beautiful ladies in the *harem*, which was quite usual with the Kings and Emperors of the day, he had only three wives. They were the daughters of the Kings of southern Kosala, Magadha and Kaikeya. The Queens were all beautiful and cultured, and the King led a happy life with them.

Dasarath was very popular with the Devas, or Gods. On many an occasion Devendra, the ruler of Heaven, sent his war-chariot for Dasarath, to fight against the Asuras, who were always at constant war with the Devas.

After a time, a gloom overtook the great Emperor's heart. He was growing in years, yet he had no child. It was the common belief then, as now that children *are* the most important source of happiness, not only in this world, but also in Heaven. The thought of the great dynasty of the Sun coming to an end troubled the Emperor day and night. The Queens sent up prayers, but all in vain. One night, Dasarath grew restless with sorrow. He paced the floor of his sleeping-chamber wrapped in strange and sorrowful thought. For a time he looked carelessly at the calm and beautiful river Sarayu and at the distant mountains. But all on a sudden, a thought came to him, his face grew pale, and with a deep sigh he retired to bed, but not to sleep.

What was the thought that baffled the great Emperor, who was known to be entire master of himself? It was as follows. While young, when indeed he was only fourteen, before he became Emperor, Dasarath had been very much interested in the art of the bow and arrow. He became exceptionally clever at shooting, and could set his aim even at the mere hearing of a sound. He loved to roam in the forest near the river Sarayu and enjoy this most favourite pastime of his. One night, he stood at the base of a huge tree and waited to catch sounds of animals coming to drink in the river. In the early morning, he thought he heard an elephant drinking water. Instantaneously, he shot his arrow towards the spot from where the sound issued.

A moaning sound, as if from a dying man in excruciating pain, reached the ears of the Prince. Next followed the sound of someone falling. Dasarath ran to the spot, and, to his horror, found he had mortally wounded a young lad, who had been filling a jug with water, the sound produced by which had resembled that of an elephant drinking. The lad, in the agony of his pain, wailed aloud: "Oh God, I have not done any wrong to anybody. Why then should I be killed thus? Oh God, let me die, but who on earth is there to take care of my aged blind parents? What did I do that such a cruel fate should overtake me ?"

The bow fell from the Prince's hand. He was bathed in perspiration. Tears of repentance and sorrow, fell from his eyes, brave Kshatriya prince though he was. And his heart almost broke with the sorrow, shame, repentance and pain, of the cruel deed he had most unknowingly done.

But Sindhu the lad, saw him and spoke thus to him : "Oh mighty King, you need not feel so grieved, for no crime was in your heart. It is my destiny that I should die thus. I do not at all bear any grudge or ill-will to you, because I know fully well that this is my inevitable Fate to which I should yield." He then told the Prince his own sad story and asked him to take the pitcher of water along the path to his aged parents, who had sent him for water.

Dasaratha, after the boy's death, proceeded step by step, with panting heart and bated breath, along the deep lane to the hut, where poor Sindhu's aged parents were eagerly expecting the arrival of their only son. On hearing the footsteps, thinking that their son was come, the aged Muni spoke thus in melancholy tones: "Son, we sent you long ago to bring us water. We are dying of thirst. Then, how is it that you have stayed out so long?' Don't you know that we have none else to take care of us. Give water to your mother."

These words pierced the throbbing heart of the Prince. With stifled sobs and in murmurs, he told the whole story of what had taken place to the Muni and his wife, and fell prostrate before them, seeking pardon for the sin he had committed. The Muni and his wife swooned at the terrible news. When they recovered, the prince led them to the corpse of

Sindhu. The aged parents were mad with grief They had no more desire to live. Their only stay was gone, never to return. They determined to give up their lives.

At their command, the Prince ordered a funeral pyre to be built. The last words of the Muni were: "Oh young *Prince, it is good that you straightway* informed us of the death of our dear Sindhu. Otherwise you would have been completely ruined. It is because you did the deed unwittingly and repent wholeheartedly, that you are alive now. Though our grief is limitless, we don't curse you. To be frank with you, my inner conscience tells me that a similar fate willbe fall you." With these heart-breaking words, the Muni and his wife went into the flames and followed their son into death.

This sad and harrowing incident came back to the King's mind. Next day, he sent for his priests and ministers, and consulted them about his unhappy circumstances. With a heavy heart, he asked the priests again to conduct ceremonies of repentance. Vasishta, the great sage, suggested that an *Aswa-Medha* (horse sacrifice) and a *Puthrakameshti* (an offering to beget children) should be done with the help of the famous sage Rishyasringa. Dasarath grew happy and forthwith issued orders for the *Yagams*.

Before the advent of spring, on the northern bank of the beautiful river Sarayu, a big court-hall and many smaller ones, were built. Many kings, war-lords, prelates, sages, and vassals were assembled. Dasarath went to the country of Anga and brought the great Rishyasringa. The whole city was bedecked.

Spring with its sweetness, beauty and fragrance came. The whole city, as well as the neighbouring places, were crowded with people. With the consent of the great sages, the Emperor let loose the horse, guarded by a number of warriors,. After a year, the horse returned unmolested, showing, as it were beyond doubt, the eminence of Dasaratha. The sacrifice was then brought to a close with all pomp.

Next followed the greater and more important Yagam, *Puthrakameshti*. Rishyasringa, the good and godly priest, began to chant Mantras. The whole universe appeared to be in perfect calm and tranquility. Then, to the great surprise of all assembled in the big hall, there appeared right *in the centre of the sacrificial fire a man's figure, blue in colour, with a* blood-red beard and a shining face, and of an extraordinary dignity. His right hand was raised high over the flames and held a small golden vessel which contained a sacred *Payasam* (pudding). In sonorous tones, the figure addressed the Emperor thus :

"I am a messenger of Him, who has heard your prayers. This *Payasam* is the result of this glorious and successful sacrifice. Give this to your wives and they will have children, who are sure to bring glory and greatness to your dynasty."

Dasaratha prostrated himself before the figure. Then, with bated breath and extreme humility, he received the golden vessel from the hand of the heavenly messenger, who then disappeared.

With a joyful heart, the Emperor ran into the chamber where his wives were waiting for him. Half of the divine pudding he gave to his first wife, Kausalya. Half of the remaining was given to Kaikeyi. What was left behind after this division was given to Sumithra. The Queens were very pleased.

Thus ended the great sacrifice. Shortly after this, the three Queens became mothers. To Kausalya was born a handsome son at a most auspicious hour, when the gods rained flowers on Dasaratha's palace. The whole city rejoiced, and Dasaratha made many grateful offerings to heaven. To Kaikeyi was born also a son, and to Sumithra two.

Kausalya's son was named Rama, Kaikeyi's Bharatha, and Sumithra's sons, Lakshmana and Satrughna. The children grew up, loved and respected by all alike. Rama and Lakshmana became inseperable companions. So

did Bharatha and Satrughna. The four boys grew up into strong, brave and enterprising youths. By the time they were fourteen, they had acquired very rare and remarkable skill in all branches of knowledge. They were just and truthful. Dasaratha felt that he was the happiest man on earth.

At last the time came, when, having grown considerably in years, he determined to leave the kingdom to his eldest son, Rama, and, as was the custom with aged monarchs, to spend the rest of his life in a secluded spot in the forests free from worldly turmoil. All preparations were made for the coronation of Prince Rama. But quite unexpectedly it did not take place, for Kaikeyi stood in the way. At that critical moment she demanded the two boons which had been promised to her by Dasarath years before. The boons now asked for were that her son Bharatha should be made King and that Rama should be sent into exile for fourteen years. The poor King, true to his word, granted the two boons, though his heart broke with intense grief. And soon after, Rama, his first and most loved son, went into exile, and the old Emperor unable to bear his sorrow, fear and anxiety, his disappointment and despair, died, as had been foretold long before by the great Muni, whose only son his own hand had sent to meet his miserable doom.

K. P. P. Tampy

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Dr. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICNIC.

Seven weeks of careful nursing had restored Vasant to almost normal health. The children and their parents were anxious to celebrate the event by a treat to the poor. It was arranged that the boys and girls of the neighbouring farm-houses should be invited to a party of sports and games, magic shows, and distribution of sweets. Mohun and his sisters knew many tricks and they practised some rehearsals before the day of the function. Then they began counting up their savings to be spent on this occasion. Mohun's account was found to be very low. The truth came out when the lad was repeatedly questioned. He had given most of it to a poor class-mate, who used to starve in the afternoons, when the other boys had their lunch. Mohun feared his confession would displease his parents, but was pleasantly surprised at their approbation. What was lacking in the children's purse was made up by their parents.

The party was eventually a great success; and there was not a voice but breathed benediction on the head of Vasant, who had returned from death's door, as it were.

In honour of Vasant's recovery, a family picnic was also planned. The spot selected was a vast fruit-garden, overlooking the river and presenting glimpses of distant hills through the verdant foliage. The party set out at four o'clock one evening; rugs were spread on the grass under *guava* trees and refreshments taken. While about to have some games like riddle-guessing, story-telling and word-building, a heavy gale suddenly arose. The sand from the river-bed was furiously blown against hands and faces like sharp needle-points. Raji and Babu hid their faces in their mother's dress, and Vasant clung to his father for protection. The cups and saucers and other things were hastily picked up and put away by the servants. Abandoning all hopes of a long walk on the river-bank, our party began to retreat towards the road where the car was parked. But in this they were baffled, as all progress was made risky by the

fall of huge cocoanut branches and ripe heavy nuts.

As they stood thus bewildered, a venerable beardrd came man up to them.

"Yonder cottage is my house. The way is clear in that direction. Pray, may I request you to come in there for shelter?"

The voice could not be resisted. A man seemingly low-born, and a farmer, he yet spoke like a king and his person commanded respect. As best as they might, the party made their way to the cottage. It was rather dark inside, probably due to the weather. The visitors were offered seats on a long low bench in the verandah, into which a line of rooms opened. The kitchen and the cowshed were apart from the main building with its straw-thatched roof, which was now covered with a mantle of *gourd* vegetable. Everything was astonishingly clean and neat inside. An elderly woman was introduced as the wife of the old man, and a young woman as his daughter-in-law. There were some children, not very well-dressed, but neat and tidy, something very rare for folk of that class.

"What a beautiful picture," exclaimed Rukmini as she looked round and rested her eyes on a landscape painting.

"Is the picture or the painter to be more admired, my child?" asked the venerable man.

Rukmini looked mutely at her mother. "The painter of course." replied Mrs. Vikram for her: "the brain that conceived the idea is infinitely greater than the product of the mind."

"Exactly so, madam," the sage replied and went on,

"The beauties and the grandeur and the mystery of the earth are painted by artists and sung by poets. Few but the gifted prophets contemplate the master mind, that created all the wonder. Is it not a pity that men of stupendous learning and knowledge are more prepared to believe in chances and silly theories than in a glorious and majestic God, the Maker of the universe? Man cannot create a leaf, a worm, nor step beyond his own planet, yet he will confidently concoct fables about transcendent time and limitless space from his own scanty experience and his small span of life. Man-made theories are more dignified than God-inspired religion.

"But God dwells in this house. I cannot do without Him. With Him on my side, I can defy the world. There are many, many great and illustrious men who do not enjoy a thousandth part of the peace and contentment I enjoy. What is a world without God? It is a place of sin and misery and ugliness."

"There is truth in that," Dr. Vikram observed. "A godless world tends nowhere. Man wants more to satisfy his spiritual cravings than his little knowledge, which can take into account only things accessible to him. If the exalted beauties and truths of religion are thought silly notions, I know not what other contemptible terms can be used to indicate man-made theories and fables."

The discourse continued. It was astonishing how the old man could talk on God and religion. He made a deep impression on the minds of those who listened to his conversation, and it was not without regret that they all parted from the lowly family, so rich in their possession of peace and happiness.

"We are extremely glad you have graced our humble cottage," said the old woman, thanking Mrs. Vikram with joined and uplifted palms. "You are welcome to use our garden for your picnic grounds whenever you like."

"And I am extremely fortunate to have made your acquaintance," replied the guest.

The daughter-in-law now appeared with a basketful of luscious *guavas*, which she gave to the children. She humbly offered a dozen *drumsticks*, two cocoanuts and a *gourd* vegetable to Mrs. Vikram as a token of respect.

"Is this the child that was sick?" asked the old man pointing to Vasant.

"Yes, the same," answered his father. Then the venerable sage held his hands in benediction over the child's head and spoke,

"God has marked thee out for His own. May He abundantly bless thee."

He smiled at each of the others and said,

"Serve God in your youth. He will be your tower of strength all your days. Make Him your father, you friend, your guide and counsellor, and your lives will be victorious whatever happens."

Thus ended the picnic in honour of Vasant's recovery. Never in all their lives did any member of that day's picnic party forget that hour nor the words of the saint in the palm-thatched hut, where dwelt a joy unknown even in palaces.

Mohun's school year was drawing to a close; his parents planned a trip to Mysore for the mid-summer vacation. When the schools opened again, Rukmini and Seeta were to continue their studies; but for Vasant, another year's rest was announced. And so we take our leave of them.

(*concluded*)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear children,

I am sure you will like to hear the story of the childhood of Buddha, the wonderful Prince, who gave up all his earthly riches and glory, his kingdom and his happy home, in order to live a hermit's life and go in search of eternal truth.

In a city on the white slopes of the snowy Himalayas lived a king called Suddhodana. To him was born a son, whom they called Siddartha. The soothsayers had already predicted that this child would become a wonderful man, and therefore, a great festival was held in honour of his birth. Many holy men and merchants came from distant lands bringing gifts to the young Prince, and among them was a grey-haired holy saint, who bowed before the baby and said, "Thou shalt preach the Law."

When Siddartha was seven days old, his mother, Queen Maya, died and the good King brought his son up with great care, and in the lap of luxury. When the Prince was old enough to be educated, he was put under the tuition of a great sage, but so clever was the boy, that the sage himself was astonished at the child's learning and bowed before him, saying, "You are the teacher of your teachers, and I worship you, sweet Prince."

Prince Siddartha was then given into the hands of skillful men, who taught him manly exercises and the art of the chase. But the young Buddha hated all forms of cruelty, even as a child, and one day, when his cousin, Devadatta, shot a swan, Siddartha rescued the wounded bird, and after curing it finally set it free much to the consternation of Devadatta, who tried his best to catch it again.

The Prince grew up in the midst of pleasures and happiness, but somehow life seemed sad to him, and he often lost himself in deep meditation. At last, when he was eighteen, the King decided to have him married, and arranged that all ths fairest maidens in the land should come to a feast, so that the Prince may choose a bride. It was hard, however, to please him, and even the most beautiful maiden did not attract him. But, when all about the Prince were just giving up hope of his choosing a bride, beautiful Yasodhara came up, and Siddartha was captivated by her, who out-shone all the others in beauty, charm and modesty. The King was overjoyed to hear of his son's choice; but Yasodhara was not so easily won, for she came from a very noble house, and had many suitors. Her father made a condition that only the man who proved himself the most powerful and talented in the arts of war could claim Yasodhara for a bride. Many thought that Prince Siddartha, being only a boy given to meditation, would not be able to win the fair maiden; but he soon

proved his strength and skill, and outshone all the othor suitors.

Yasodhara was pleased at the result of the tournament, and with a loving heart she garlanded the Prince and whispered to him, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am all thine own."

The next few years were indeed happy ones for the Prince and Princess, who lived in a palace of pleasure, surrounded by luxury. King Suddhodana, knowing his son's thoughtful nature, took good care to shut out sadness and misery from his life, and the Prince lived for a little time in ignorance of the cruelties that existed in the hard world outside his palace. But he soon wished to get to know it and begged permission to be allowed outside his palace, and one day he left his comfortable home to wander about the city. Great was his misery at discovering sights of woe, sickness and misery. A heaviness came upon him, and he suddenly realised the inexorableness of Death, and made up his mind to seek truth.

So, one dark night, he left the sleeping palace behind him, and renounced the life of comfort and luxury that he had so far led, and became a hermit.

This is the story of the childhood of Buddha, who discovered the way of peace.

How different is his childhood from that of Jesus! In what poor surroundings was He born, and what hardships He had to endure even as a child!

Is it not strange to realise that Buddha, "The Light of Asia," and Christ, "The Light of the World," were both children like you at one time?

I am afraid I have written a very long letter, and so I shall stop now.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

FASHION NOTES

The beauty of the sari lies in its drapery. In its folds, there must be flowing grace, there must be distinction, there must be distinctiveness. To achieve these ends is not easy; yet the women of Greece, I am sure, with their instinctive artistic taste, could have attained them; then, why not our Indian women? And truth to tell, they did so in olden days, but modern fashions are tending to spoil the effect.

To get the flowing lines of the sari along the figure, there must be no break. Unfortunately, one must confine the folds at the waist; and to this end, a not too tight belt worn over these folds, but underneath the drapery falling from the shoulder to the feet, would be very effective, in that it serves to model the figure. It stands to reason that the sari must be worn long, and that the garment underneath it should also be of the same length. And the sari must not be too tight at the knees or the ankles, nor should it be too voluminous. The old Indian method of plaiting the material into folds at the waist, and of letting it flow out like a flower, is good and one deprecates the modern fashion of twisting the sari two or three times round the figure, which sometimes give the idea of a constricted bell.

Some people object to large designs, loud patterns, and too heavy material, as spoiling the effect of sari drapery. I think they are quite right; but there can be no objection, I think, to small, flowery or "creepery" designs, and also to spotted effects. It is necessary again to see that a border is not so heavy as to give the effect of weighing down a sari of thin material. It is most important also that the sari should be clean, fresh and uncrumpled, so that the full beauty of the folds is seen.

The continuation of the sari over the head has a very beautiful effect, but then it must be remembered that

not only is this often very uncomfortable in the heat of India, but that also it impedes quickness of movement.

It must also be remembered that since the sari is the national and only costume of Indian women, it must be graceful always, not only in mere repose, but also in all the modern activities thrown open to women. Therefore, much thought must be taken about the convenience and the coolness of material chosen; and the method of wearing should be such as to ensure ease and quickness of movement, along with the beauty of drapery. A tendency to deprecate is the method of letting the sari fall away from the shoulder in unconfined folds, so that again and again has it to be gathered up in the exigencies of business or social activities. Not only does this give an idea of untidiness, but it also entails in its haste the spoiling of symmetrical arrangement At the same time, there should not be too much pinning-in, so as to appear like a fashion-plate. Some pins are necessary; but care should be taken that they are hidden, or, if they must be shewn, they must be pretty and tone in with the material.

Finally, the grace of the sari should not be spoiled by the unsuitability of its accompaniments. The jacket, the arrangement of the hair, the covering of the feet, the jewels, the bag, the handkerchief, even the *lingerie* should all be made to harmonise and look *just right.*

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

Spinoza the Biographer, by Dr. Frederick Kettner; new **Era Library** Series; Roerich Museum Press, New York City; price $ 2. 50.

This inspiring volume is the third book in series three of the "Heroic Series" of the New Era Library, a popular-priced collection of interesting and edifying books devoted to the great deeds and thoughts of centuries, edited most ably by the internationally-reputed Roerich centre at the city of New York.

Dr. Kettner, the author, is regardde a great Spinoza scholar and stands foremost among recognised students and interpreters of the great philosopher, who have strennuously endeavoured to popularise the lofty teachings of the master. The book is the outcome of Dr. Kettner's many years of careful study and research, and as such it claims profound praise.

H. G. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich has written an introduction to Dr. Kettner's book. He has been closely associated with the endeavours of Dr. Kettner, in connection with the renewal of enthusiasm for Spinoza. The introduction is a valuable asset to the book. Prof. Roerich eloquently writes, "Amidst the tremors, errors, disillusions of weak spirits the reality of this great, self-sacrificing personality astonishes one like a sudden meteor from the far-off world, affording us by its example lessons in the understanding of life, which are nurtured and felt in one's heart."

At present, in the world of youth, there is a general awakening and desire to know more about the teachings of Spinoza. There are bands of young men and women, especially in the Occidental world, who are most assiduous in studying Spinoza, who has boldly asserted that "Science has one destiny, to which all its branches are striving—namely, the highest perfecting of humanity......Those who deny that men can attain virtue and truth, deprive themselves of these by the very denial. True cognizance generates only through the essence of things, or through knowledge." K. P. P. TAMPY.

Roerich Adamant, by H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich; the International Art Centre, New York.

A first-rate collection of eighteen masterly essays from the gifted pen of Prof. N de Roerich is contained in this delightfully got-up book. Prof. Roerich is known in the intellectual and cultural world as a great symbolic painter, an enthusiastic archaelogist, a pioneer artistic genius in the theatre, an eminent traveller, a learned philosopher, and a sound educationionalist. As an author he has won his laurels, and all his works are read over and over again. As the strong and sincere apostle of peace and culture, Nicholas de Roerich has earned for himself fame.

"Peace and Wisdom through Beauty", is the mighty message which is emphasised in this book. As Serge Whitman in his brief and bright introduction points out, "And truly Roerich's is that of one who reads from scrolls unseen by the neophyte. His spirit has prophesied visions of a new world, where strife and discord are no more, and where the power of Beauty in Action fills mankind with ineffable Love and understanding". All the essays are characterised by a deep feeling of earnestness and by a force of expression, which appeals alike to the head and the heart.

Some of the outstanding essays in this collection are The Path of Blessing, The Spiritual Garment, Truth, Activity, The Standard of Beauty, The New Era, The Joy of Art and Adamant.

This volume is a mighty stride in awakening the minds of men to the need and glory of culture and peace. The author fully believes in, and prays for, a new world and is contributing his share towards the speedier attainment of it. His book is a sincere appeal to the world to make the lives of its inhabitants better.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Leap-home and Gentle brawn, by F. Hanswirth Das; J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

A story of the silver-grey monkey, with purple black face, which is said to be the descendant of the legendary Hanuman. It is an intelligent animal tale for children, and the pictures are well-done.

The life of a Moghul Princess, Jahanara Begum, By A. Butensehon, with an introduction by Lawrence Binyon; George Routledge and Sons., Ltd., London.

The Begum is a daughter of Shahjahan, the Emperor, of whose closing years, a tragic tale is powerfully written.

AMONG THE MUSIC

Through the courtesy of the Publishers (Messrs J. Curwen & Sons, 24, Berners Street, London W.I.), I have had the opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with a new Comic Opera in Two Acts, *San Marino*, the book and lyrics of which are by Stanley Guise, and the music by Alfred J. Silver.

Never have words and music been so happily wedded as they are in the opening chorus of mixed male and female voices :—

"Laden with spices, the breezes are swaying
Lazily round the quay.
Out to the westward, the sun lies a-dying,
Kissing farewell to the sea.

Lovely is life in an evening of glamour,
Sweet are the skies above,
Lapping of waves and the sea-birds that clamour
Join in a song of love."

The words and lyrics throughout are well-written, humour and beauty each playing their respective parts when and where required ; out of the many numbers in the book let me single out the following items for special men-

tion:—Song (Lola) and Chorus, *San Marino, Island Fair*; a waltz-serenade by Carlos, *Dearest, the Moonlight Calls Us*; the men's chorus in Act two, *Red Wine and White;* the duet by Lola and Carlos, *Your Heart for Mine*; and the Trio and Chorus, *Rosita! Pepita! Chiquita!*

Taking it on the whole, one can heartily applaud such a well-matched pair putting their heads together, as it were, and giving us *San Marino*. Being both educative and pleasurable, to perform this is just the very material to set before Amateur Operatic Societies. For, judiciously handled, it would become a source of delight for all types of audiences. The Libretto contains detailed instructions as to costumes, characters, dances, lighting, and general staging, points for which players and producers are deeply thankful.

From the house of Banks, County Arcade, Leeds, comes among other things the most attractive six-penny edition of high-class pianoforte music that anyone can wish to see. Each composition is published with a beautifully-coloured cover, and, in some cases the addition of violin and violincello parts. Some of the latest numbers in this addition are:—*Pique Dame Overture* by Suppe; Delibes' *Scarf Dance* and *Pas Des Fleurs;* Johann Strauss's great waltz, *Voices of Spring*; and *Rose of Trallee*, the song that John McCormack, the world-famous tenor, has made famous.

Spring Awakes, an allegro composition by Klaus Waldemann, is an interesting composition; though not unduly difficult, it will cause many pianists to stop and consider before they can make anything of it worth hearing.

For those pianists, who are just setting their feet on the royal road to music, I can think of few compositions that will give them greater help than Henri Malo's *First Book of Progressive Studies*; and the County Scale and Arpeggio *Manual* edited and arranged by G. H. Farnell (3 shillings). In this latter book, every type of scale and arpeggio is exploited to its fullest degree, and is invaluable to those students, who contemplate musical examinations for honours certificates or diplomas.

Teachers and pupils will welcome four new B. F. Wood Music Company publications, two of which are devoted to boy-pianists, *Our Boys, Books 1 and 2*; and two are devoted to girls, *Our Girls, Books 1 and 2*. When I say *devoted*, I mean that the books contain pieces of music calculated to appeal to boys and girls respectively. At two shillings per book, I have singled them out from a host of other music as ideal educational and recreative volumes of music.

LELAND J. BERRY.

CHESS GAMES

By Bharadwaja

	White.		*Black.*
1.	P—Q 4	1.	P—Q 4
2.	Kt—KB 3	2.	Kt—KB 3
3.	Kt—B 3	3.	Kt—B 3
4.	B—B 4	4.	B—B 4
5.	P—K 3	5.	P—K 3
6.	Kt—QKt 5	6.	Kt—QKt 5
7.	P—QR 3	7.	P—QR 3
8.	Kt × P (ch)	8.	K—Q2 **stealing a march.**
9.	P × Kt	9.	R—BS Q
10.	Kt—K 5 ch.	10.	K—K 2
11.	Kt × P (R 3)	11.	P × Kt
12.	BXP	12.	R—RSq
13.	Kt—B 6 (ch)	13.	K—KSq
14.	Kt × Q	14.	R × Kt
15.	P—QB 3	15.	B—Q 3
16.	B × B	16.	R × B
17.	B—Kt 5 (ch)	17.	K—B sq.
18.	R—R 8 (ch)	18.	K—K 2
19.	R × R	19.	R—Q sq.

Resigns?

II

	White.		Black.
1.	P—K 4	1.	Kt—KB 3
2.	Kt—QB 3	2.	P—KKt 4
3.	B—Kt 5	3.	P—QR 3
4.	B—R4	4.	B—Kt 2
5.	P—Q 3	5.	B—R 3
6.	B—K 3	6.	castles
7.	Q—Q 2	7.	P—QKt 4
8.	B—QKt 3	8.	Kt—K sq.
9.	B × Kt P	9.	B×B
10.	Q×B ch	10.	K—R sq.
11.	Q—K 3	11.	QKt—QB 3
12.	KKt—K 2	12.	QKtP—QKt 5
13.	QKt—Kt Sq	13.	QKt—R4
14.	QKt—Q 2	14.	Kt×B.
15.	BP×Kt	15.	P—QR 4
16.	P—QR 4	16.	R—KKt sq.
17.	P—KKt 3	17.	Kt—KB 3
18.	KRP—R 3	18.	QP—Q 3
19.	Kt—KB 3	19.	B—K 3
20.	K2Kt—Q 4	20.	Q—Q 2
21.	Kt×B	21.	BP×Kt
22.	KP 4—K 5	22.	Kt—Q4
23.	Q—Q4	23.	P—QB 3
24.	Q—R 4	24.	QPXP
25.	Kt×QP	25.	Q—Q 3
26.	K 5 Kt—KB 7	26.	K—KKt 2
27.	Kt×Q ch	27.	P×Kt.
28.	Castles KR	28.	QR—KBSQ
29.	QR—QSQ	29.	K—KB 2
30.	QSqR—KSr	30.	P—K 4
31.	P—Q 4	31.	K—K 3
32.	QP×KP	32.	QP×P
33.	K—R 2	33.	K—Q 3
34.	Q—R 6 ch	34.	Kt—KB 3
35.	R—Q sq ch	35.	K—QB 2
36.	Q—K 6 (K 3)	36.	Kt—Q 2
37.	Q—R 7 (ch)	37.	K—B sq.
38.	R×Kt	38.	R—Q sq.
39.	Q—B 7 (mat)		

OUR CINEMA PAGE

The Growth of Talkies

The talking motion picture, as "Sound and Shadow" tells us, means the employment of a highly technical process, which is a sort of continuous electrical circuit. It involves first the conversion into possible use of small units of electrical energy, then their fixation, and finally their amplification, which must be delivered unmarred.

The pressure exerted by vibrating bodies through the atmosphere on other bodies produces sound by its fluctuations. There are, we are told, three characteristics of sound. The first is *Pitch*, which is measured by the number of pulsations per second, the audible range being 16 to 16,000 vibrations or cycles per second. The second is *Volume*, which is measured by the intensity of pressure. The third is *quality* or timbre, which is caused by the presence of overtones, which have more than the frequency of the original note. In speech, the range of such is not much and the cycles can be produced by a recording and reproducing system. But, in music, a much higher range is necessary.

Thomas Edison, in 1877 patented that special recording of sound, which could again reproduce sound. Instead of being in wavy lines as before, he recorded them on a cylinder which had a spiral groove. On a thin sheet of tin foil placed on this, a steel stylus, which was attached to a drum-head of skin, impressed a groove of different depths, caused by the vibrations of the drum-head's diaphragm, acted on by the rotations of the cylinder. When the same groove was re-traversed, naturally the reproduction of the sound was caused.

After this, Bell and Tainter in 1887 patented the *graphophone*, which was the first practical phonograph. In 1887, Berliner patented the *gramaphone*. But, it must be remembered that it was only by the developments of the *telephone*, which was invented in 1875 by Dr. Bell that the gramaphone was finally profited.

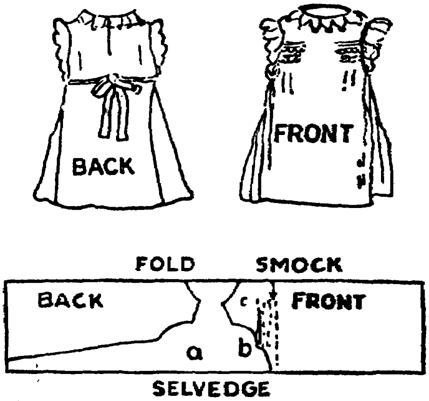
The electrical transmission and amplification of sound, as found in the telephone, finally did the trick.

The most powerful agent of sound-recording and reproducing seems to be the vacuum tube, through which was made possible the transcontinental long-distance telephone. This was achieved by organised research made by many men, which was perfected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. During the great war, more research was undertaken with a view towards radio communication and very sensitive detection of sound. The *transmitter* became the *microphone;* the *receiver* grew into the loud *speaker*. Finally, one by one, came to pass, "the public address systems, high quality broadcasting, electrical recording, the orthophonic phonograph, picture transmission by wire, and the printer telegraph.

Thus, in 1925, some of the elements necessary for *talking* pictures existed. The motion pictures had already been industrialised. In 1926, the Warner Brothers established a sort of sound studio in New York, and a tentative programme of short numbers was presented to a surprised audience. It was recorded, we are told, on discs like the one used in the phonograph, but larger, and revolving more slowly. In 1927, sound was shewn recorded on film, and dialogue was used. In 1928, the "*talkies*" became so supreme as to develop into a large industrial concern.

NEEDLE–WORK NOTES

A Child's Party Frock



This is a simple frock for a little girl's first party. For an 18 inch frock, 1⅜ yards of material are ample. Fold the material down the middle and cut out, as in diagram A. Gather from a to b and smock. Then join the seams and hem. A dainty picot-edged ruff of contrasting colour is stitched round the neck and arm-holes. A sash is attached under the arms and tied at the back.

When scalloping an edge, if the work is well-pressed with a hot iron on the wrong side before cutting out the scallops, there is very little danger of cutting the knots, as so often happens. If the embroidered article is linen, and is laundered before it is cut away, all the "drawn" appearance due to shrinking, which so often results from the first wash, will be avoided.

R. P. PURUSHOTTAM.

COOKERY NOTES

Afghan Palao

Bone a good-sized chicken by making a long incision in the back and removing all the bones through it. Place the latter in a vessel, adding salt, ginger, a few flakes of garlic, two onions, 4 pepper corns, a few grains each of aniseed and coriander seed, and boil the whole over a slow fire for 1½ hours.

At the same time, soak a pound or so of best table rice in enough water to cover it and set aside. When the soup is ready, fry the rice, adding a stick or two of cinnamon, three whole cardamoms and four cloves for 5 or 8 minutes. Add the whole to the soup with a few bleached almonds and raisins, and cook for about 15 minutes. Remove the vessel from the fire, place some live coals on the cover until the soup has been absorbed by the rice, leaving it dry. Now stuff the bored chicken with half the palao rice. Sew up the incision and roast (grill) in ghee until ready.

Serve hot, placing the rest of the rice around the chicken. K. B.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

What a comfort a well-ordered house-hold is to visitors and inmates. I shall compare two houses here, from which it will become quite obvious to the reader as to what I mean by well-ordered.

One house was all dark and dingy. The windows were not opened properly and the doors were not only half-shut, but sometimes banging in the wind. In the sitting-room, there were only a few chairs to sit on, and not one of them was comfortable or well-placed. No trouble whatever had been taken over the furnishing of the house. The walls had no pictures and the curtains were dishevelled and hung crooked. The whole house was untidy and unkempt, as if the house-wife had not taken any trouble over the arrangement. If people wanted to read, or to play a game of cards, it took about a quarter of an hour to adjust the lamps into proper positions, and another quarter of an hour to arrange the chairs and tables. In short, there was no comfort in the house-hold, and it looked as if it had not been re-arranged for days. Piles of old magazines and children's toys were left in corners and on tables. If one wished to write a letter, it was hard to find a pen and some paper. Meals were always late and guests usually were kept waiting for a long time. Servants were careless, indifferent, sullen, and noisy. How people can find a home in such surroundings seems almost unbelievable! One always pities the man, when he comes home tired from his work, longing for a cup of tea, and finds his wife still in her afternoon sleep, with the children running about unrestrained, with nothing ready for him, and no welcome smile to greet him.

Is it not almost a crime that wives can become so casual?

Aud now, let us take a glimpse of other houses, where things are kept scrupulously clean, everything is in its place, and easily found. All the details are thought out so carefully by the wife, that she knows exactly where an ash-tray or a foot-stool is most needed, or where a comfortable chair should be placed in order to catch the light and the breeze from the fan. The management of the whole house-hold

runs as if on well-oiled wheels; of course, there is always the danger of becoming used to too much routine, and being too strict about tidiness; but the wise house-wife will allow just that amount of laxity and freedom, that will make all her friends and her husband and children adore her. It is as bad to be tyrannical in tidiness as to allow untidiness, but how happy are those who strike the happy mean, and know exactly how to manage their homes.

PADDY.

To remove ink or iron-mould stains from white linen :—

Well soak the spots in milk and cover with salt; leave for a time before washing.

R. P. PURUSHOTTAM.

WOMEN'S FRANCHISE

The women of India must be grateful to Mrs. Subbaroyan and Begum Shah Nawaz for their efforts at the Round Table Conferences towards making the voting strength of the women of India equal to that of the men. At present, there is a vast discrepancy, the proportion of men-voters to the total adult male population being 10%, while that of women to their own community is 6%. As we know, the Indian Franchise Committee in 1932, known as the Lothian Committee, proposed to extend the franchise by special qualifications for women more than for men, and also by giving the voting power to the wives and widows of men-voters. Even then, their voting strength as compared to that of men would be 1:4 in most provinces, and even 1:9 in others. But many objections were made. Let me quote Mrs. Subbaroyan on them:—

"Some of the Provincial Governments in India are anxious to lessen the total electorate proposed by the Lothian Committee by cutting down their recommendations for women's franchise. The orthodox and conservative parties in India will not favour any proposal, which will give the women increased opportunities for participation in public life. They are also afraid that it will break down some of our social customs, like Purdah. There is a section of opinion in England and among Europeans in India which is opposed to any progressive scheme in India. Then there is the opposition from a section of our own women which is the most serious. Certain women's organisations have declared that they are strongly opposed to any form of special qualifications for women. But their objections have been invariably coupled with a demand for adult franchise which would secure for women real equality with men in voting power. Therefore, these organisations demand a greater and not a lesser measure of enfranchisement for women than the Lothian Committee offer. It should also be noted that these objections were certainly not made unanimously by all branches of these associations. A very widely-signed memorandum from the women of Bengal, some of whom are prominent members of these associations, supported these special qualifications. Many witnesses, some of them speaking on behalf of other important women's organisations, in both their oral and written evidence before the Lothian Committee, also advocated special qualifications. But unfortunately opponents to women's advancement are ignoring these facts and unfairly using the arguments of the aforesaid section of Indian Women's organisations as evidence that the women of India do not want the measure of enfranchisement recommended for them by the Lothian Committee."

Now, the White Paper has laid it down that, though the number of women electors will be increased and though a special reservation of seats for women will be made, yet the ratio of women to men-electors will for practical purposes remain the same.

Yet, at a recent conference of the

All-India Women's Conference, it was, as we know, determined that:

"This conference fully adheres to the stand it has taken in regard to the question of franchise in all its bearings as pertaining to the status of women in the future constitution of India. It expresses its firm belief in perfect sex-equality and demands that women shall possess equal citizen rights with men. No disability, either legal or social, shall be attached to women on account of sex."

At the same time, it is a great comfort that many leaders are against the present franchise proposals for women.

As lord Lothian himself is reported to have said after the White Paper was published:

"The proposal to enfranchise is grossly inadequate and must be altered.

"Unless I misread signs of the times, there will be considerable opposition to these recommendations, when they come before the Joint Select Committee. Unless women in this country and in India who understand the problem are prepared to put pressure on their M. Ps. and on the Select Committee itself, I am afraid, these proposals will be whittled. I should regard that as a disaster. There is no country in the world where it is more important that women should have adequate representation than India to-day..........If in the new constitution a very small number of women is placed on the roll, the politician who is seeking election will pay attention to those enfranchised, tending to ignore those who are not. The proportion of one woman to five men was small enough, and if it were whittled away, the vote will be almost valueless as an instrument of bringing about the social reformations urgently needed in India."

Begum Shah Nawaz has remarked:

"I fail to understand why His Majesty's Government did not accept even the recommendations of the Lothian Committee regarding women's franchise. It has come as a great surprise to most of us. Literacy as a qualification for women voters has been dropped altogether and all the differential qualifications for women voters to the Federal Assembly recommended by the Franchise Committee have not been accepted. This is a gross injustice to the women of India and makes the task of those of us who are working for co-operation very difficult indeed".

Mrs. Subbaroyan says:

"I think the proposals for women's franchise in the White Paper are most disappointing. They will give women a far smaller measure of franchise rights than the barely adequate one recommended by the Lothian Committee for them. I think the Government are optimistic when they estimate that the ratio of women to men voters will be approximately 1:5, for the Federal Assembly will for practical purposes remain unchanged. The Government do not give any figures to explain how they came to this conclusion. The high educational qualification for women for provincial franchise in several provinces and for the Federal Assembly will bring only a very few women on the electoral rolls and disparity between men and women will be greater than the Government expect. I am particularly keen on women having an adequate share of the voting power for the Assembly and I am glad that the Government appreciate the importance of a large women's electorate and I hope that their proposals will be modified by the Joint Select Committee, so as to enable women to have an effective voice in election. It is greatly to be regretted that no memorandum on women's franchise was placed before the Third Round Table Conference to enable the Conference to take cognizance of the strong desire of Indian women for an adequate franchise. The position would certainly have been better today if our women had clearly expressed their opinion suppporting the Lothian Committee's recommendations as the minimum they would accept, or put forward alternative constructive proposals. This neglect has unfortunately allowed opposition to extension of women's franchise to succeed in influencing the British Government to propose to lower the strength recommended by the Lothian Com-

mitte. I would appeal to our women to realise that, as there is no possibility of the Select Committee or Parliament recommending adult franchise, it is their duty to put forward in clear terms, proposals which will give them if not complete equality, at least reasonable voting strength. I would warn them that there is no doubt that, if the White Paper proposals are adopted, the women's vote will continue to be a negligible factor in our elections. Let not our women allow sentiment or theories to deprive the whole womanhood of India of their share of the responsibility in returning representatives to our future Legislatures, in the first formative and vital years of India under the new Constitution."

It has been proposed, therefore that a representative committee of ten members should be appointed, from the A. I. W. C. the National Council of the women of India and the Women's Indian Association, to study the question carefully and formulate proposals. We hope that this council will do its best to solve the problem.

We are assured that the British Government is very sympathetic towards Indian women. The handsome apology made in *The White Paper* for its conservative attitude runs as follows:—

"His Majesty's Government fully appreciate the importance of a large women electorate for the Federal Asssembly and their proposal to leave the ratio of electors at the point now suggested is made only after exhaustive discussion with Indian authorities and in view both of the administrative difficulties involved in any further increase and of the *objections to a differential* franchise based on education, by adoption of which alone any substantial addition to the women electorate could conveniently be made in present conditions."

Mrs. Subbaroyan's idea is that since, there are no other practical schemes to be found, the Lothian Committee's scheme, which gives a strength of 600,000 voters, though not at all perfect, should be agreed to temporarily at least, "as a definite stepping-stone towards raising the voting strength of women, until we have complete adult franchise". Mrs. Muthulakshimi Reddi, on the other hand, along with other men and women, is of opinion that the vote should be given to all the adult women in urban areas alone, together with those that are qualified on the same terms as men. Both the suggestions are imperfect, in that they do not satisfy the absolute ideal of equality laid down. It is left to us to consider whether we shall be justified in holding rigidly to the end in view, or give in partly for the present, so that later we may gain strength. In any case, there is no doubt that women must be allowed to prove their own efficiency so well that their inclusion will appear absolutely necessary in the franchise on the same terms as men.

It is left to Indian women to formulate their ideal and to gain some means to achieve it in its fulness and purity.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Hindu Divorce Bill:—

It was interesting to note that by a majority of one vote, the Assembly on February 2nd accepted Sir Hari Singh Gour's principle of the Bill on Hindu Divorce, allowing Hindu wives the right to divorce their husbands on the grounds of impotence, imbecility or leprosy. It was noteworthy that the Government and the Muslims remained neutral and refused to vote. Only Hindus voted, and an interesting debate took place, and at the end of the discussion, the measure was given into the hands of a select committee. Naturally, there was a great deal of orthodox opposition in the assembly, and some of

the members opined that Hindu marriages could not be dissolved. According to Sir H. S. Gour, "the Bill, provided the much-needed social reform and was of a humane nature. There was life and vigour in Hinduism to adapt itself to changing conditions and he was sure that the change proposed would be acceptable by the House, as it was necessitated by modern conditions." The two diametrically opposite views on the Bill can be understand from two quotations. The first was in favour of the Bill in a letter from a Hindu widow : "Is it possible that an infinitely wise and compassionate God insists that a helpless woman should remain the wife of an imbecile or impotent man, or of one suffering of an incurable and contagious disease? Can this add to the joy of paradise?" The opposite standpoint was expressed by The Marwari Association in Calcutta: "Hindu marriages are really made in heaven and they cannot be unmade by any human hand. That being the Hindu conception of marriage, the bill under notice can only be characterised as an attack on Hindu religion and as such the bill should be thrown out." I wonder what the outcome will be.

Suppression of Immoral Traffic.

As Bombay and Madras have declared it illegal to have brothels, Calcutta and other parts of Bengal are agitating for a similar legislation and the All Bengal Women's Union, that was started in March 1932, is carrying on excellent work in this line. A petition, supported by about 17,000 people, was collected by the Union from all over Bengal and sent to the council. Women organised meetings in various places. A fund was raised for the organisation of an Industrial Home for the care of those women who have been rescued, and already nearly Rs. 3,000 has been collected. A deputation went to the Governor, and various other plans are being tried on practical lines. The President of the Union is H. H. Dowager Maharani Suchari Devee of Mayurbhanj; and we are told that Donations will be gratefully accepted.

It would be good if Madras bestirred itself to raise funds for the construction of buildings for rescued women. It is all very well to fight an evil; but, when that evil is too deep-seated to be eradicated, surely steps must be taken to mitigate the bad results thereof.

Physical Education for Women:—

Though it was only a short time ago that attention was drawn to woman's education, rapid progress has been made in the Madras Presidency, and it is a pleasure to see school and College Girls indulging in beautiful exercise. The Madres Government undertook a definite programme of Physical education for women in 1921 and a woman specialist was appointed. The chief aim was to ensure that "as far as possible each school child should receive that form of exercise most suitable for her."

The first step some years ago had been to train teachers to cope with the child's need, and for this reason classes had been opened every Saturday morning for Secondary School teachers in the city, and close supervision was kept in each school. In the mofussil, tours of inspection and instruction were organised. In 1928, the examination for a Teachers' certificate in Physical Training was abolished, and a Physical Education Class was opened which is in existence now. Specialists are therefore trained in the subject. Only graduates and those holding a secondary grade teacher's certificate are admitted to this class, and further they must be passed as physically fit by a doctor. A Diploma is given at the end of the course, and they are then pronounced fit to become Physical Instructresses. 43 posts for Physical Instructresses have been created. Only 2 have been filled so far, which shows that we need more women to undertake Physical Education. The three big Colleges in Madras have each a qualified teacher now. It is encouraging to know that the value of Physical Education

has at last been realised in this Presidency; but it still has to be developed intensively.

Signorina Valerio :—

Lawn tennis enthusiasts all over India have been inspired by watching Italy's No I woman player exhibit her great skill and talent in this country. While admiring her play and enjoying her fine style, we have felt pangs of regret at having so few Indian Women who are at all good at tennis. Leila Row is our only Indian woman representative worthy of being termed a first class tennis player. What has happened to us? Is it our costume, or our usual indifference and lethargy, that prevents us from reaching even a second-rate standard? I had the great pleasure of being introduced in Madras to Signorina Valerio, and the first question she asked me was :— "Do you play tennis in a sari?" On hearing my reply in the affirmative, she remarked,

"You are indeed brave."

Most good tennis players seem to regard the sari as an absolutely impracticable costume for tennis, and still what are we to wear? We would like readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. to offer suggestions on this critical point.

What a wonderful player the Signorina is! How swift and agile, how accurate and strong, and how clever in her placing, as well as in the changing of her tactics at the critical time. Every item of her game seems to be so well-studied, back-hand and forehand drives, volleying, and last but not least foot-work. Having watched her play, we feel that she has been a real education to all of us. I shall quote the instructions for tennis players here, which she gave to the *Field, Madras*.

(1) "**Training:** If you want to play good tennis, you must lead a simple and sporting life. You must not drink and smoke and you must go to bed early not later than 11 p. m.)

(2) **Regular Practice:** Wall practice is extremely good. Even between two players, keep the ball in play as long as possible. Llenglen used to keep it up on an average of 200 times, sending it from one court to the other without hard shots or placing too much.

(3) The players should stand close at the net and volley softly as many times as possible. It gives you the eye and quickness on the feet.

(4) Practise service well and try to have a good placing second service.

I specialise in Singles and I am not a better Doubles player, since I have no opportunities of playing. It is very difficult to find a player who is good in both. Cochet and Tilden are geniuses."

It is cheering to note that the Signorina considers Madras "one of the best tennis provinces".

Women and Untouchability:-

That women are taking it as a solemn duty to fight the evil of untouchability can be seen from the innumerable protest meetings and the interesting discussions that are being carried on in all parts of India. Mr. S. Ranga Aiyar's Bill appeals to many because it goes straight to the point, and embraces the whole of India. Mahatma Gandhi, however, says that this Bill "abolishes legal untouchability, leaving social and religious untouchability to its fate". Here is the Bill:— "Notwithstanding anything contained in any existing enactment, regulation, or order, and notwithstanding any custom, usage or interpretation of law, no penalty, disadvantage or disability shall be imposed upon, or any discrimination made, against any subject of the state on the ground that such person belongs to an untouchable caste or class among Hindus, and no court, civil or criminal, shall recognise any custom of untouchability or base its adjudication on such a custom."

Women can help in the great campaign against untouchability, not

only by voicing their opinions in public, but also by making it a point to abolish every trace of this evil custom in their own homes, and by educating their children not to feel any prejudice against Harijans. Perhaps, if every woman takes it as a religious duty to train her child's mind to revolt against untouchability, this unfortunate custom will completely disappear thirty or forty years hence. Women, therefore, have a great respoinsibility in the future happiness of India.

The All-India Nudist Society :—

It was with great surprise that we read of the formation of The All-India Nudist Society at Sialkot. In the manifesto of the Society it is stated that the object is to promote nudism in order to improve "the moral, physique, and health of the race." Surely, however, less drastic ways of improving the race can be thought of. Besides, does nudism not pervert morals, instead of improving them? Our Indians, I am sure, are too sensible to further such a movement; and I am certain it will be squashed in its very infancy.

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